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THE OLD PASTOR.

Inscribed to the Preachers' Aid Society of the New England Conference

BY REV. MARK TRAFLET, D. D.

The church is old; the ivy clings To every crevice in the wall; And mournfully the old bell rings From yon grey tower its Sabbath call; The pastor's tones are heard no more; He sits alone in his cottage door.

The dust is on the curtain's fold; The pulpit cushion faded lies; There rests the Bible, worn and old, Which met so oft the pastor's eyes; Those lines his eyes will trace no more; Helpless he sits in his cottage door.

Green is the church-yard, fresh the mold, Where silent slumbers, like sentinels, keep The ashes of the friends of old; All quiet in their dreamless sleep, The pastor's tread is there no more; Waiting, he sits in his cottage door.

His humble home is by the hill, And shadows fall upon his door; His helpmate gone, his children wild; Come to the dear old home no more; Alone and useless, blind and poor, He seeks the sun in his cottage door.

Sadly he dwells upon the past, Dreaming of scenes now gone for aye, While busy thought is upward cast, Where, watching, wait his friends on high; A home is his on that bright shore, Where youth and his treasures are gone by.

Hark! It is the funeral chime; The pastor's labor is o'er; Severed the cord that bound him to time; He is borne from his cottage door; His labor is closed; his last blessing given; The poor of earth is rich in heaven.

METHODISM IN A PERIOD OF TRANSITION.

BY REV. J. M. BUCKLEY.

I propose two papers on Methodism, especially on the Methodist Episcopal Church; and the scope of the present article is clearly indicated in its title.

It is a common remark that there is a great difference between Methodism to-day and Methodism fifty, or even thirty, years ago. Similar observations were made before the death of Mr. Wesley; and they have always been made, from time to time, in the history of every Church, nation, type of civilization—any form of organization that had life in it. Often the change is rather apparent than real. The range of the observer's vision has enlarged, or contracted, or the point of view has been changed, and he compares what he perceives now with what he saw at another time, and affirms a great change. And so indeed there is; but only in his perceptions. Moods also affect the judgment. The unsuccessful man thinks everything is going to ruin, while the prosperous estimates the general condition by his own confidence. In the testimony of the aged there is this fatal defect: they are in sympathy with the progress of the age, or they are not. If they are not, their memories exaggerate the virtues and excellences of the past, at the expense of the present. If they are in accord with the spirit of the time, with that limited intercourse with the world and the imperfect assimilating power necessitated by extreme age, they are benignly oblivious of the defects which exist, and feel toward the present generation as most grandparents who are puzzled to understand why their children's children are so much better than their own, which difficulty the disinterested observer disposes of justly by denying the assumption and attributing the error of judgment to the softening of the aged heart. Albeit, there are some grandparents of a different spirit, who hold that their race is running out.

But, apart from the imperfection of the observer, there is a constant change in all forms of human manifestation in religion, government and social life. The vital questions are these: Is the change in the substance, or in the accidents? If in the substance, is it an improvement, or a deterioration? If in

the accidents, is the substance imperiled? For example, the substance of patriotism is devotion to the real interests of one's country. In a time of war this may require the patriot to enlist, or, if by the accident of age or ill health or certain occupations he cannot serve in the field, to labor as zealously in some other way. But if the cause of the war be insufficient, or the struggle hopeless, the substance of patriotism requires him who is actuated by it to endeavor after an honorable peace. But in a time of profound peace patriotism leads the citizen to strive to secure the election of just rulers, the enactment of righteous laws, and their due enforcement. Hence the substance of patriotism may exist in peace as well as in war, in a despotism, a limited monarchy, or a republic.

Again, the substance of spiritual Christianity is "righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost," which may co-exist with the superstitions of Rome, the absurdities of ritualism, the baldness of Puritanism, the demonstrativeness of "old-fashioned Methodism," the formal anti-formalism of the Friends, or the fantastic yet solemn rites of the Shakers. But the superstitions of Rome are accidents which, in many minds, smother the substance. The effect of ritualism on all "but minds of peculiar structure" is the same. The Shakers are not to be judged by any general law, and their "accidents" may be the crutches on which they will walk in the King's highway; and in the other forms of religious life an excess of denominational peculiarity has a tendency to deteriorate the substance of piety.

Our great questions are: Is there a change in the substance of Methodism? Does the modification of accidents threaten the substance? I prefer to diffuse the answer through these papers rather than to grapple the problem by the throat. And this choice is made, not from indefiniteness of thought, but to subserve the purpose of setting every earnest reader at work from his own point of view.

That a great modification has taken place in our "accidents," none will deny; and some would substitute transformation for "modification." 1. In the beginning, and for many years, we had limited church accommodations, and despised architectural beauty. Our edifices were small, ill-shaped, and badly located. They were nearly all of one pattern, and had low and dark basements. I speak not of the causes, but of the fact. Now there is a mania for fine churches. They must surpass, if possible, every other church in the place, and congregations worshipping in outworn structures will not build because they cannot equal or surpass the finest church in the town or city, while many assume a crushing indebtedness. To provide for this great stratagem are resorted to; the people are squeezed, as in a vice; a genius for begging has (on the Darwinian principle) been developed; and the degrees of G. D. (Great Dedicator) and P. B. (Prince of Beggars) have been fairly earned by many. At last the dedication is over, the church is free from debt, and the doxology is sung. The church may be free of debt, but are the members? Let years of struggle, of harrowing anxiety for or with crowd-compelling preachers, and of meagre contributions to benevolent causes, answer. Undoubtedly we should erect larger, convenient and attractive churches, and in the great cities should have one or two very imposing structures. But the present fanatical zeal for costly churches is pernicious in its influence, has its root in pride, and is of the nature of that love of gaudy display which often accompanies hastily-made fortunes.

2. A great change has come over the spirits of Methodists, with regard to dress and furniture and general style of living. They have more money, and they spend more. This is natural, and, up to some unsettled line, it is right. But how vast the change! In the early times many fell into sin by being proud of their plainness of dress. Some made it a cover for parsimony, and some became censorious, while the majority, escaping these snares, conscientiously carried their renunciation of "worldliness" to an extreme. But now many of the most gaily dressed persons and congregations are Methodists, many of the most magnificent estates are owned by Methodists, and many most luxurious lives profess the same self-denying, world-renouncing, God-fearing faith. The whole question of dress, ornamentation, and style is taken from the domain of religion, and remanded to that of taste. And this is the difficulty. I grant that many of the fathers were, with all their piety, bigots on this subject. I concede that the element of taste should enter into and largely influence the style of dress, etc. But we have reacted from the rigidity of the fathers, one of whom denied baptism to a woman whose hair would curl, to an extreme which excludes conscience from a most important field of moral action. Hence spring great displays in those who can afford it, great embarrassment in those who thoughtlessly enter upon an expensive way of living, and terrible extravagance on the part of those who, being poor, fancy that the public will ascertain it if they live within their means.

The true position is midway between that occupied by the fathers and the spirit now prevalent and increasing. At present a discriminating sermon on self-denial in an average Methodist congregation would seem, as the young men say in their essays, like an "echo along the corridors of the past." I am due enough, or weak enough, to think that this change in the "accidents" has gone too far, and that persons of wealth and taste, and especially ministers with large salaries, and others prominent in the Church, cannot do Methodism a greater service than by setting an example, not of meanness, but of moderation in their style of living. True taste (as illustrated in families long accustomed to wealth) and Christian discrimination point in the same direction. If this conservative view were practiced poverty would disappear from the Church, and money for the evangelization of the world would flow more rapidly than it could be employed.

3. In the beginning there was enforced upon Methodists an isolation from other Christian bodies, and from society at large. The necessity for this has passed away. We are better understood, and we understand others better. Besides, the spirit of zeal has been greatly increased in the denominations. In most parts of the country we work in brotherly love with all Christians whose principles do not deter them from communion with those who do not accept their "shibboleth." This is delightful, scriptural, and in many respects beneficial. But it has been accompanied by certain evils. It has led to the disuse of some of our most efficient peculiarities. It has led us to conform in our modes of worship to other bodies. The fervency of our prayers, the heartiness and spontaneity of our responses, the zeal with which we urge men to repent, tone down to the average level of the religious community. Then we were shut in; we were as a stream, fierce, impetuous, because driven through a narrow bed. Now we are more calm, and in some places the dark green hue which indicates stagnation is beginning to show itself.

1859 he was appointed to the Professorship of Modern History in the University at Cambridge, which position he resigned two years later, to enter on the duties of Canon of Westminster. For several years he was one of the Queen's private chaplains.

Charles Kingsley was one of the most earnest souls of the century. No honors conferred on him additional honor. He will everywhere be long remembered as a thorough lover of his kind. A man of intense convictions, he was resolute, positive, and sometimes even arrogant in his self-assertion. Fervid in his temperament, he sometimes ran wild in his enthusiasm, but this enthusiasm was a magnetic force that made him more potent than a whole legion of colder blooded men. He was quaintly crotchety, at times, and that not seldom; but he was as sincere, truthful and courageous. He was a born partisan, a man that must take sides. The vehemence and susceptibility of his nature led him often to the advocacy of opinions that were logically inconsistent with each other; but he was never on the fence. During our war he was by most counted a sympathizer with the South, and the "chivalric" qualities of the traditional Southern gentleman had no doubt cast a glamour over his imagination; but at the same time he was unsparing in his denunciations of slaveholding aristocracies; and in his historical essays he again and again exhibits their iniquity and mortal weakness. He has frequently been made the target of abuse and ridicule. Despite all his courage, some narrow-minded critics were formerly wont to accuse him of moral cowardice and slavish subservience to existing institutions, while others sneered at him as being only a diluted Carlyle. No charge could be more unjust. The style of his controversial essays is to some extent like that of Carlyle, yet his individuality is everywhere strongly marked, while his humanitarianism showed itself not merely in hero-worship, but in a vast amount of very prosaic hard work for the amelioration of the condition of common people. His philanthropy was often mistaken in its methods, and most of his pet schemes were failures; but his attempts were always honestly and earnestly made, and to few reformers has it been granted to see a larger proportion of their ideas realized in their beneficent institutions. He was far more a disciple of F. D. Maurice than of Thomas Carlyle, but it was in his own independent fashion that he followed him and worked with him for noble ends.

There was no moral hypochondria about Kingsley. His whole nature was healthy and hopeful. He believed in humanity, and had a real old-fashioned faith in the God revealed in the Bible. He had no confidence in socialism or progress apart from Christianity. Though so prominent among the leaders of the Broad Church, he was no theologian. His sermons were remarkable only for their directness and earnestness in bringing the Gospel home to his hearers and the times. During the years he was at Eversley he was, to employ his own language, no "mealy-mouthed rector," letting souls "rot asleep to the grave," but a model country preacher and pastor, bluntly rebuking the vices of the rich, and deeply concerned in all that affected the physical as well as the moral condition of the humbler classes. This intimate sympathy with the lowly characterized him to the last, and his name will long be treasured in the hearts of the laboring poor of England.

Much contempt has been visited upon his "gospel of good health." It was fashionable, a score of years ago, to laugh at him as defining a Christian to be a man that fears God and can walk a thousand miles in a thousand hours. But "muscular Christianity" is now very generally recognized as a desideratum, and the number of its prophets is multiplying on every hand. The revival of physical culture came not a day too soon. An unsound body has fearful power over a gifted mind or fruitful soul.

Of Mr. Kingsley's literary characteristics we have space to say but little. His fervid temperament glows in all his writings. An imagination naturally brilliant was developed and strengthened by the scenes of extraordinary beauty which were profusely spread around the home of his childhood and youth. His intellect was wonderfully versatile, and the list of his published works covers a very wide range of subjects. A volume of sermons first carried his name out of his parish, but it was a novel that carried it from continent to continent. His prose style was uneven, but, though often faulty, was never dull. In descriptions of natural scenery he excelled; his pictures are full of life and color. His novels are none of them neat in arrangement. The very intensity of his purpose interferes with the artistic development of his story. As a lecturer on history, he displayed two cardinal virtues. First, his representation of past scenes is picturesque and dramatic. The reader is always made to feel the situation. Secondly, he grasped and held up to view the human elements in history. He saw men where Buckle and Spencer would have seen only laws. He was an enthusiast in his devotion to science, but cherished a loftier veneration for the freedom and personality of human nature. He was not infrequently wrong in his conclusions, and there was a spice of perversity in his dogmatism, but his methods were correct, if their application was occasionally faulty. In his descriptions of nature he was always charming. Those who would see him at his best in this, should read his essays on "North Devon," and "My Winter Garden," and the volume entitled "At Last," a Christmas in the West Indies. The book is more bulky than need be, and is confused in arrangement, but it contains the most glowing and entertaining delineations of tropical scenery and life with which we are acquainted. As a poet he revealed real genius, and that of no ordinary lustre, and it is much to be regretted that in this field he did not do more. On some of his lyrics will rest his most permanent fame. His more ambitious efforts, "Andromeda" and "The Saint's Tragedy," are noble poems, but his songs are surer of immortality. Our readers will thank us for copying one of them, popularly known as "The Sands of Dee":—

"O, Mary, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands of Dee!"
The western wind was wild and damp wif foam,
And all alone went she.
The creeping tide came up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see;
The blinding mist came down and hid the land;
And never home came she.

"O, it is weed, or fish, or floating hair—
A tress of golden hair,
O' drowned maiden's hair,
Above the nets at sea?
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
Among the stakes on Dee?"
They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel, crawling foam,
The cruel, hungry foam,
To her grave beside the sea;
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home
Across the sands of Dee.

Canon Kingsley's oratory sadly disappointed his auditors in this country, but his frank and sturdy manliness won a more loving and grateful recognition from our people than he had previously received. How little did we realize that his compact, sinewy form would so soon sleep in death—that his ruddy, lively face would so soon be cold and pale and still! But he had done a grand work, and earned a right to rest. His widow is herself in very feeble health. One of his sons is in this country, a civil engineer in Colorado.

A MARK RIDGE.

BY REV. MARK TRAFLET, D. D.

At a Conference held in North Bucksport, in June, 1832, Bishop Roberts assigned to the writer Orono as a field of labor. This town at the time named comprised the entire island originally called Marsh Island, now divided into the two towns of Orono and Oldtown. The village of Stillwater (now Orono) is seven miles above Bangor, and Oldtown was five miles above Stillwater. Opposite to Oldtown, on another island, is the Indian village, the home of the Penobscots, formerly called the Tarratians. It may not be known to all readers of the HERALD that, by the last treaty made between Massachusetts and this tribe of aboriginals, which I recollect very distinctly, the tribe was allowed to hold and occupy all the islands in the river between Oldtown and Naticot, at the confluence of the Matagamon and Penobscot Rivers, known as the East and West Branches. These islands are well wooded, and of a rich alluvial soil, but they are little cultivated, as "Lo" does not take kindly to digging, save for muskrats. My field was the island, and as much more as I could cultivate. It was expected and arranged that I should spend the Sabbaths alternately in the two principal villages, preaching on week evenings at Upper Stillwater and Great works.

It was a hot day in June when I mounted my horse, in Bangor, and started for my new field of labor—a new every sense, for but a few years had passed since it was a wilderness. There was not a church in town, save the Catholic church for the Indians, erected by the State. In a two-story school-house at Stillwater, where the Congregationalists sent a missionary during my first year, I held service each second Sabbath in the upper room, while they occupied the lower. At Oldtown was a one-story school-house, unknown paint or plaster, the seats rising on an inclined plane, with two huge fire-places in front, with an elevated desk between. On my way I called at a Brother Howard's, and

left my saddle-bags, which I did not again see for twenty-seven years, when I called and took them. There they hang now, upon one of my book-cases, filled with memories of the past.

I rode on, heavy-hearted, for though so near my home in Bangor, I had no acquaintance in Orono, and was throwing myself among strangers. But I found a home and generous hearts in the family of Retire W. Freese, who, though not a professed Christian, exhibited in his kind reception of the preachers, who for years visited him and were entertained by his generous hospitality, many of the brightest traits of Christian character. Mrs. Freese was a noble Christian woman, full of faith and alms-deeds. Bless that dear family! how many thousands of times since my thoughts have gone back to that cottage and the family circle now so sadly broken and scattered. Two years since I rode up from Bangor, and drove up the lane as I had so often done forty years before, and hitched my horse to the same fence. But the familiar faces were not at the windows; no friendly voice bade me welcome; the old house was deserted and closed.

But I am wandering from my story. My custom was, when my Sabbath at Oldtown drew near, as I had parted with my horse, to start and walk to the village. I remember right well my first visit to that part of my field of labor. It was a current saying at that time, "there is no Sabbath above Stillwater." The lumbermen were proverbially rough and irreligious, and run flowed freely as the waters of the river. I gave a temperance lecture there subsequently. All listened most respectfully, swore it was all true, and went and drank to the health of the "boy minister." To go among such a people was a cross indeed; but it must be done, and I walked into the village with a shivering heart. Not knowing any one, I went directly to Wadleigh's Hotel, which in that day was what Parker's and the Massasoit and the Astors are in our day. I had, I thought, money enough to get me over the Sabbath, if I took no supper, and left Monday morning without breakfast. I had a silver dollar, which I had carried a year, which paid my way from Bangor to the upper Androscoggin, my first Circuit, as it was of the same nature as the widow's curse of oil, for whenever I offered it at a hotel on my way the landlord would say you are welcome. And I still had faith in my dollar. Besides this I had a French franc, coined under the Napoleon, in the year of my birth, which I yet possess.

Sabbath morning I took my Bible and Hymn-book and walked to the school-house, and found it full; and a better mass of hearers no speaker ever had. And let me say here, for that people, that for the two years of my stay with them I never received a rough word, or the slightest insult, or unkind deed, but, on the contrary, many acts of kindness, the memory of which I shall carry to my grave. And when I contrast with this much that I have seen and felt among those who call themselves Christians, I would rather take my chance with that people, as I found them than these last, who cry "Lord! Lord!" so lustily.

Monday morning I went to the office to pay my bill, when Mr. W. put back my money, saying, "no sir; nothing! You are welcome to come when you please, stay as long as you like!" His warm-hearted wife set apart a nice chamber on the wall, which was called mine; and though the house was always crowded, that little room was always ready for me. Blessings be upon such friends. I think of their kindness to the stranger now with my eyes full of tears of gratitude.

But I am a long time getting to my stage ride, yet these preliminary statements are necessary to the appreciation of the story, and still more essential. In the days of which we are speaking the vast amount of lumber sawed in the mills at Oldtown was rafted, and ran to Bangor over the rapids, as much of it is now. The raftsmen would either walk back, or take the stage, which was run to Bangor and back daily. It required a pretty clear head to take a raft to Bangor over the rapids and through the intricate channels, so that the deficiency of stimulant they dare not take on at Oldtown was made up at Bangor; and therefore a wilder and more rollicking set of men than those usually filling that six horse stage is seldom seen. Often it had thundered by me on the road, when the singing of songs, the jostling and fearful swearing would throw an Indian pow-wow into silence. One Saturday, when I was to go to Oldtown, a fearful storm prevailed; the wind was falling in torrents, and the rain blew a gale. To walk up was out of the question. I must wait and take the evening stage from Bangor, if I could get in. I went to the hotel, and waited its arrival. The night came, dark as Erebus; one could hardly see his hand before him. Shortly I saw the gleaming lights of the stage, and it soon rolled up to the door of the

hotel, in a perfect tempest of confused sounds of hilarious jollification. "Is there room inside?" I shouted at the door.

"All full," some one replied. "Twelve inside," said one; and the top was crowded. "Make room for the gen'lman," said a deep, husky voice. "Crowd up there; give 'im a seat in the corner, boys," continued the same voice.

I own to a slight shaking of heart as I crawled in among them. I could not see a face, and I am sure mine was too pale to be seen by them. Hamblin, good-hearted fellow, holding the ribbons over his splendid team of six steaming greys, (I wonder if he still lives, or has taken the last sad ride) cracked his whip, and off we dashed, through rain and mud, into the darkness.

"Now a song," said some one, in rather thick tones; but no one seemed to rather they had been singing through seven miles, and the stock was running low, and five miles remained to be provided for. "A song! a song!" they shouted, but each excused himself. Some were hoarse, and others too far gone to make the effort.

"Here's the gen'lman jest got in; he'll give us a song!" "Jes so!" said another. "We gin 'im a seat."

That seemed so logical that it passed unanimously. I saw, and need not say I felt, that I was in a tight place; but I was not much of a singer at best, and here I should make the attempt under peculiar difficulties. But I saw something must be done at once. No white feathers here.

"Gentlemen," I said, "I will sing for you a song, on two conditions. First, you shall be quiet, and not interrupt me while singing."

"That's fair," said that same gruff voice I heard at first. "Anybody interrupts the gen'lman goes out in the rain," with a very forcible explication.

"Jes so!" they responded all around.

"The second condition," said I, "is that you shall not complain of what I shall sing."

"That's fair," said that same voice again. "Sing what you like, and if anybody finds fault he goes out in the rain!"

"Jes so!" said the chorus.

Oh for Wadleigh's, said I, to myself, or a break down! I at once commenced.

"He dies, the Friend of sinners dies;
Lo, Salem's daughters weep around;
A solemn blackness veils the skies;
A sudden trembling shakes the ground."

I sang it in the air of Bonnie Doon. Not a tongue moved while I was singing, and I am sure no prima-donna or celebrated tenor showed finer *trills* and *shakes* than I exhibited. Indeed, I think I excelled, for theirs are artificial, while mine were *natural* quavers. When the last line was reached,

"And where's thy victory, boasting grave?" there was a dead silence for a moment, when my friend of the deep tones said, "That's first-rate!"

"That's good!" said another.

"Jes so!" went round.

"Now," said my defender, "sing us another."

"Well," I replied, "on the same conditions as before."

"That's fair," said he; "anybody's sez anything goes out in the rain." (No oath this time.)

I then sang, in the old tune Bangor, the hymn,

"Vain man, thy fond pursuits forbear;
Repent; thy end is nigh."

Not a sound was heard, save my tones; and when I concluded they

DOCTRINAL PAPERS.

TESTIMONY OF REASON TO THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

BY REV. J. W. ADAMS.

[Published by vote of Dover District Ministerial Association.]

It is not the province of this essay to develop the better scriptural argument in favor of the soul's immortality. That service has been thoroughly and satisfactorily performed by Clark, Landis, Mattison, George, and others. In a humbler way we also may serve by showing that here, as elsewhere, reason harmonizes with Revelation. The real "age of reason" will be reached when the race perceives and acknowledges that harmony. God honors us by the gift of immortality, and we dishonor ourselves and Him by denying the fact.

It is much in favor of this doctrine that it has been always and everywhere believed. The author of the Iliad suggests how ancient it is, when he speaks of

"That wrath which hurled to Pluto's gloomy reign
The souls of chiefs untimely slain."

And is there no force in the fact that the best of the ancient systems of morality were based upon it? Indeed, I think it would be no injustice to say that wherever this doctrine has been rejected it is traceable to deformity of intellect, love of singularity, a resolution to resist the restraints of such a belief, or indifference. The doctrine has always gained by investigation, which it would not be likely to do if it were false. It was fiercely attacked in the latter part of the eighteenth century by avowed infidels; and is now opposed by materialists and false religionists, who wish to be rid of hell, or find excuse for larger schism. If I should succeed in driving the ploughshare of reason through these rocks, may God help us to see the furrow! Confessedly fallible, as we are, we nevertheless are fully convinced, and honestly believe, that the immortality of the soul is founded on its own nature and the fixed relation of things.

If it be deemed necessary to our argument to demonstrate the

IMMATERIALITY OF THE SOUL, let us first attend to that. Everything in nature is either matter or spirit. Man is not an exception to this classification. The difference between matter and spirit lies in the dissimilarity of their essential qualities. Enough is known of these qualities to furnish us with an abundance of data. There are two classes of qualities in man, qualities that are *essential*, and yet *never* interchangeable. Their difference tells to which they belong—whether to matter or spirit; and any one who can discern a difference between a clam and a syllogism can see it.

That which subsists by itself, whether matter or spirit, is called substance. The understanding, sensibilities and will are qualities; they never subsist alone, and must, therefore, inhere in some one substance which does subsist by itself. The substance which holds them in unity we call soul. Matter is known in the same way. It has its essential properties, which are solidity, magnitude and form. Wherever you find matter, you find these; and wherever you find these, you find matter. These properties are inseparable, and apply as truly to atoms as to globes. If one of these qualities perish, all must perish. Matter requires space, and magnitude determines the amount of space a given material object occupies. Space, therefore, is necessary to, though not an element of, matter. The elements of matter are never abstract, but always inhere in that which is material. If we name the quality "solid," the thought is incomplete, and we ask, "solid what?" "Large" suggests "large what?" "Round" requires a material object in order to be descriptive. Neither sage nor *savant* have yet been able to answer the question, What is the essence of matter, or the essence of spirit? Though the one is seen, the other is not; we know of either only by their qualities.

Matter has not, neither can it produce, mental qualities. They must come from an immaterial substance. The will must inhere in a spirit, and volition must be the offspring of will. Conscience, volition, perception and judgment have no permanent or positive existence; therefore, that in which they inhere must have a positive existence, for something cannot proceed from nothing. As matter cannot give to mind qualities it does not itself possess, it follows that matter and mind are distinct. If the mind is material, then matter must think. If matter is capable of thinking, then thinking is an essential quality of matter, and all matter must think; and when matter ceases to think it must cease to be matter. If so, when matter is divided thinking is divided. If but part of matter thinks, then thinking is not an essential quality of matter. Unity of thought is inconsistent with the extension of matter, which, if it thinks at all, must do so in all its parts at the same time. Refined matter is matter still, and must ever retain the essential qualities of matter. If not, then it is not matter, but something else.

At this point the theological views of the more scientific are often quite as immature as the scientific views of the mere theologian are. We have quite as good reason to say to Mr. Tyndall, "hands off from theology," as he has to say to us, "hands off from science." Only a theological blunderer would intimate that mind is merely the result of organized matter, and in the same breath declare that between the facts of the one and of the other "there is no fusion possible." The Professor

evidently needs to take the prescription he has volunteered to give others when (by inference) he puts the intellect under the "fixed laws of matter," and then admits that there is "a realm for religion;" for there can be no virtue, no worship, no religion, worth the name, unless the will and its volitions are not under the fixed laws of matter, but free.

If the soul is material it must have parts, and it may be an extended or a divided substance. Admit this, and there is no difference between the soul and body, except a modification of the material. This would destroy both the identity and unity of the soul. If matter thinks, then we feel like saying to Mr. Tyndall that its modes must be always alike, as the essential qualities of matter never change. If religion be supposable of a being thus constituted, how can he be more or less religious than he is. Fixedness is necessary to the identity of matter. Thought is variable; therefore thought is not an essential quality of matter. If thinking were an essential quality of matter then we could not think where matter is not; but thinking does go on where no matter exists. Thinking is action, and therefore cannot be an essential property of matter, which can perfectly exist without action. Matter is quiescent; it acts only as it is acted upon by a foreign force. The influence of matter is limited to the contact of its surfaces with or without some medium. When mutual contact ceases all influence ceases. This limitation is absolute.

Now, if consciousness results from matter, then matter is essential to its existence, and there can be no consciousness where matter is not. Matter is not infinite in extension. Space is where matter is not. Mind acts in space where no matter is. Consciousness, then, it is clear, neither results from, nor depends upon, matter; for consciousness is the mind's knowledge of its own operations, whether in matter or pure space. Mental powers can not result from any modification of matter. Whatever may be the modifications of matter, its essential properties must remain the same. It can neither lose nor gain essential qualities. If, with the same qualities, it cannot think in one state, it cannot in another; for no element of matter has any relation to thought.

[To be continued.]

CORRESPONDENCE.

OUR MISSIONARY TREASURY AGAIN.

FROM A HALF CENTURY MEMBER.

MR. EDITOR:—The article in your paper of January 21st is of too grave a character to go unchallenged.

My first remark is, that the administration of other people's money is of so delicate a character that attempting it will expose almost any man to inaccuracy of statement. My next remark is, that it is ever a doubtful expedient to attempt the inspiration of charity or benevolence by evoking attention to any class of persons. In our Church, as in our country at large, it is true generally that the rich and the poor meet together. I premise another remark, which is, that according to my observation all our pastors, as a body, are worthy leaders of the Lord's host, and must find in witnessing the evidence of a good conscience on the part of the Church at large, in relation to all her vital interests.

Having known the officers and managers of the Missionary Society from the beginning unto this day, this is to say that more than one member of the first Board made legacies to the Society, and it would be an easy and delightful task, to speak of the liberal example their successors have generally shown in all the Churches with which they have been connected. A *millionaire* is a term frequently used, but very few men in our Church are worth a million of money; there never was more than one such member of the Missionary Board, and he certainly never kept back in his offerings, and probably will not whilst he has any thing to give.

The Church may be assured that the managers, who know best about its real working, are not among the complainers in our streets; but, in addition to giving time and patient attention to the interests of this great and precious cause (which often led Dr. Bangs, and more frequently Dr. Durbin, to remark, "I never saw such a body of men"), they are leading contributors to its funds. What one member of their body offered to do, namely, to give \$1,000 toward the liquidation of the debt, would doubtless be done by a dozen or more of them, were it necessary; but it is not. Neither do I, for one, think that the time has come for our good women to sell their jewelry for this purpose. Those who have something of this kind are not, as a class, the parsimonious givers. I am not the apologist of gay or extravagant dress, or of parade or show on any occasion; but it is a source of satisfaction to me to witness such a revival of pure religion as is displacing much of this where it would be likely to be an occasion of stumbling.

I will say a word in relation to deceased managers of supposed wealth. It rarely happens that we know the real value of a man's estate while living; it generally turns out to be less than was estimated. So far as I know, these persons have been liberal and exemplary givers; and, what is more, survivors bearing their name, even to children's children, show to the Church the profit of their education.

It would ill become me, and certainly no advantage can accrue to me

by meddling with men or things which are too high for me, but there are times when the stones will cry out; and I will therefore say that there are chief pastors, and pastors not regarded as such, who have given, and do give more to the Church than they receive from her; and I have not the sorrow to know, of my own personal knowledge, of a minister who withholds more than his meet. I bless my Maker that my lot has fallen within a Church whose liberality has been the admiration of Christendom. We are but of yesterday, and were regarded as the least of the thousands of Israel. But this day our sister Churches do not hesitate to accord to us the pre-eminence in every evangelizing agency for the cause of Christ!

Why, then, is the missionary treasury in debt? For two reasons. The first is common in the experience of all the sister Churches: only a few of the many have this cause presented directly to them; hence the recent passage of the following resolution by a body of chief pastors and laymen appointed by the Church at large:—

Resolved, That we recognize the pastors of our Churches as the most efficient organs for the diffusion of missionary intelligence and inspiration; and that we earnestly urge upon them the fullest and most faithful advocacy of the claims of the Missionary Society.

GENERAL MISSIONARY COMMITTEE.

The second reason is, that for a "small moment" the Church feels the universal financial pressure. But that she will come forward at the call of her Lord, to meet the exigencies of the times, though it take "all her living," I have not the shadow of a doubt. She is doing it even whilst we write. Our preachers, our people are "putting on strength," and coming up to the help of the Lord. Witness the increase in collections which are reported from week to week. From these good signs I anticipate increasing joy in the Church, and this is that joy set before our Lord when His soul was made an offering for sin; and this, too, is that sanctification which will sanctify the Lamb's wife, and prepare her for His coming, when they who be wise will enter in with Him to the marriage supper. D. T.

THE NEW HYMN-BOOK.

BY REV. A. GOULD.

MR. EDITOR:—The following card appears in the New York Christian Advocate of January 21:—

"Recognizing the demand for a book containing about three hundred of our standard hymns in general use, as ascertained by Rev. Dr. H. W. Warren, of Brooklyn, who has thoroughly investigated the matter, and extensively corresponded with our pastors, we have determined to publish such a book, the hymns to be all from our standard hymn-book, and each hymn to retain its old number."

NELSON & PHILLIPS.

Since reading the above I have been considerably puzzled to decide what particular advantage could be secured to our Church by the issue of this new book; and after studying the matter a week, with great care, have reached the conclusion that it will only embarrass us still more in this delightful department of public worship. I say "still more" for a reason. We are embarrassed already not a little by the introduction into our congregations of singing books which embrace only a part of the hymns contained in our authorized Hymn-Book, many of which are garbled in some way. For example, Dr. Tourje's excellent "Tribute of Praise," found in so many of our Churches, excellent, so far as it goes, especially for vestry use, contains many of the hymns in our Hymn-Book, and many not there. Of those taken from the Hymn-Book, one or more stanzas in different parts of the hymn are omitted frequently, and in one instance at least (hymn 290 of the Hymn-Book) the lines of the stanza are transposed—an improvement, I admit, but an unwise emendation, as is also the omission of stanzas and the balance of the authorized hymns, if the book was intended to be used in our preaching services, together with the Hymn-Book.

So far as my own observation goes, with one exception, the following is the fact: A part of the people have the Hymn-Book, and the other part the Tribute. Now the minister must either confine himself to the hymns common to both books, or put a part of his audience in an awkward position (especially if Congregational singing is the order, as it ought to be), by announcing a hymn which is not in their book. It is precisely at this point where the abridged Hymn-Book will trouble us still more. Added to the annoyance of being limited to hymns common to two books, will be a reduced limitation to hymns common to three books, when the proposed new book is issued, because the three will be in the congregation. Of course the difficulty named would not be encountered if only one of the three books was in the audience, but it cannot be the intention of the Book Agents at New York to make the abridged book a substitute for the un-abridged, and yet they will do that, if there are any sales, to a degree approximating the extent of the sales, for the people will not buy both books for use in worship, and they ought not to do it.

It seems to me especially unfortunate also that the Agents issue this abridgement only a few months before the General Conference, when, in all probability, judging from what was attempted at the last General Conference, and what has been said in the Church papers since, some action will be taken regarding a revision of the Hymn-Book. At any rate, if any change of this sort is generally desired, would it not be far better to let the next General Conference, representing the whole Church, determine what shall be done?

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

During the past week the weather has been unusually cold for this latitude. Sleet and ice have prevailed during the greater part of that time, and the streets and pavements have been covered with ice, almost as clear, and quite as smooth as glass, to the great terror of the fleshy and the aged, and adding amazingly to the joy and the delight of skaters and coasters, old and young, who with rosy cheeks and blooming noses drew their sleighs up the slopes, and then with ringing laughter and merry glee glided swiftly down again.

Dr. O. H. Tiffany, pastor of the Metropolitan Church, fell in front of his residence, on E Street, but was not seriously injured. I notice by your paper of this week that the people of Grace Church, Chicago, want to take the Doctor away from us. It is not certain that we will allow this. The people of Washington need his valuable and able ministrations, and they love him and his family too well to part with them willingly.

The leveling of the ground and the replanting of the trees in the east front Capitol grounds have added one hundred percent to the beauty of our national edifice as it meets the eye from the east. One tree only has remained untouched, and that is the Summer tree. It is a large, spreading and beautifully formed English beech, and was greatly admired by the departed statesman; and in honor to his memory it still stands on a small mound, formed by the removing of the surrounding earth, and is enclosed with a railing to protect it from harm. The grounds are laid out in walks and carriage drives, and when finished will be a lovely evening resort in the summer.

Congress floats both flags, or rather the same flag from both Houses, each day from 12 M. to a late hour P. M. The all-engrossing subject seems to be the Pacific Mail subsidy. Much time has been occupied in examining witnesses, and some developments are being made that will not add either honor or integrity to the names brought up in connection therewith. "Alas, poor Yorick!" The thought has suggested itself to me, would it not be well for the people to elect two Congresses, both to serve at the same time—the one to investigate the other? For the past two years the Credit Mobilier and the Pacific Mail subsidy have so occupied the time of the House that the suffering people and the laws they so much need are quite forgotten. Between the troubles in Louisiana and Mississippi, the investigations in Congress, mixing up in a strange manner public corruption and private business, contempt and imprisonment of witnesses, with a contest between the courts and Congress about the *habeas corpus*, bribing of newspaper men, arrest of editors for libel, the troubles about laws to govern our poor little District (but, nevertheless, the capitol of our mighty nation), and we can truly say "we know not what a day may bring forth."

I propose to tell your readers something of the histories and present condition of our Methodist Churches in the District of Columbia, and as I on yesterday attended a wedding in Hamline Methodist Episcopal Church, corner of Ninth and F Streets, N. E., I propose to begin with the above named Church. Will your readers bear with me if I describe the wedding first, and tell them some of my thoughts about the pair who then launched their mortal barque on the uncertain sea of matrimony? The young lady, Miss Emma Hickey, I have known for ten years. She, with two other sisters, older than herself, was left motherless when quite young. The eldest sister, Miss Sue G. Hickey, new one of our best teachers in our public schools, educated herself, and reared and educated her two younger sisters. The second sister, Miss Mary Hickey, being engaged in one of the Departments, the domestic duties and the care of a younger orphaned half-sister, little Grace, fell altogether upon Miss Emma, now the bride; and faithfully she discharged every duty connected with both relations as housekeeper and sister-mother. The two sisters, who were earning money, have just paid for their home, a neat two-story brick, surrounded with flowers, the inside furnished with comfort, the parlors adorned with taste. Here Emma spent her days and evenings. No call of pleasure drew this lovely girl from the duties that God had placed upon her. She leaves now for a home in a distant city. How the old home will miss her!

Emma stood before the altar in a suit made by her own skillful hands. It was a gray satin poplin, neatly and beautifully finished as a traveling dress, with hat and feather to match. Mr. Beach, the man of her choice, a carpenter by profession, stood beside her, a very prince in appearance. I never saw him until he entered the church with Emma leaning on his arm, but when I saw his honest face, and earnest, speaking eye, and heard the firm, audible response, "I will," to his marriage vow, I said in my heart, "Emma hath chosen well; they will be happy, they will be useful, they will rise in the world." No money was wasted on gaudy show; no wedding march pealed forth to greet their entrance; no attendants stood by. They came forward calmly, alone, those two young persons beginning life together, and stood before the minister (Rev. G. G. Baker, pastor of the Church) while he, in a concise and beautiful ceremony of a few words, made them one, prayed for, blessed and congratulated them. The mellow light, reflected through the richly-tinted windows, seemed to bless them too,

and my heart said "amen," for they are worthy.

HAMLINE CHURCH.

In the early part of the summer of 1865 a number of members from McKendree Methodist Episcopal Church, desiring to organize a new Society, met at Union League Hall for that purpose, and there formed the nucleus of the present congregation. Forty-five names were placed on the records, classes were formed, a Sabbath-school was organized, a library procured, pulpit services provided for, the name (Hamline Methodist Episcopal Church) chosen, and the new body, full of courage, commenced its career, with "holiness to the Lord" as their motto. A committee was appointed, the present site selected, the land purchased, and a neat and commodious frame building erected, at a cost of \$5,000. During the erection of the new house application was made to the Baltimore Conference for a regular pastor. Rev. John R. Effinger was sent to the station, but remained only a short time. He was succeeded by Rev. J. W. Hoover, under whose pastorate the most successful revival that this Church has ever known was witnessed. In May, 1866, the church was completed, and Bishop J. T. Peck preached the dedicatory sermon. The congregation increased so rapidly that it became necessary to think of a larger building. In 1871, under the pastorate of Rev. L. T. Wideman, the architectural plans of the present fine edifice were submitted and agreed upon.

The ornamental portions of the walls, ceilings, cornices, mouldings and corbels are pure white, the plain portions tinted a light gray. The lofty windows are filled with stained glass in leaden sashes, and have bright colored borders and heads. The main auditorium is lighted from the ceiling with five of Frink's patent double cone reflectors and ventilators. Each has sixteen burners, eighty in all, giving a mild, subdued, yet perfect light. On the outside the walls are of selected brick, with bright gray Ohio sandstone for trimmings. The present membership is 280.

The total amount of cost, exclusive of the lot, was \$39,000. On the morning of the dedication \$22,500 of the debt for the building was paid. The collections for the entire day were taken charge of by Dr. Ives, and at the close of the evening service every dollar was pledged. Dr. Ives possesses the power to attract money out of the deepest pocket. The Church is free from debt, and under the eloquent teaching and energetic pastorate of Rev. G. G. Baker, this Church, which is an honor and an ornament to the Northwestern section of our city, is moving right onward and upward. It is my intention presently to tell your readers something of Methodism in the West some forty years ago, and compare the Churches then with the Churches now. L. E. D.

Washington, Jan. 20, 1875.

ENCOURAGEMENT FOR THE BE-NEVOLENT.

The following are extracts from the "charity book" of the Y. M. C. Association of this city. They are records of cases aided during the past year, selected at random from nineteen pages of names:—

Jan. 4th. F.—H—, machinist, looking for work. Utterly destitute. Refers to Rev. D— in C—. Board him a week. Could not find him work. Received a letter from his pastor, endorsing him highly. Received a letter from him thanking us for aiding him. Letter on file.

April 16th. A—B—, just out of hospital. Very weak. Recommended by the Cincinnati Association. Kept him over night, and bought him a ticket home. Poor fellow was very grateful.

May 27th. M—F—. From New York. Refers to A—F—, New York. Set him at work in the building. Well pleased with him. Could not secure him a situation. Obtained him a pass home. Reference heard from. "F—" is all right."

June 12th. H—H— and little boy, blind Scotchman, hunting for his sons in this country. Sent them to Providence. Since heard from Rev. G. G., to whom he referred. Letter fully satisfactory.

July 17th. A—O—, boy, 15 years old. Sent here from the Eastern Railroad Depot, where he asked for a ticket to New Hampshire, supposing it was a town. Sent him back to his home in Canada.

July 18th. A—F—. Dry goods clerk from N. B. Very well dressed. Had a severe cold, caught by sleeping three nights on the Common. Kept him two weeks, but could not find him work. Sent him to Portland, where he obtained a good situation. Received a letter from him, saying that he believed our aid saved him from starvation. Letter on file.

Sept. 17th. A—C—, bright youth, 17 years old. Father and mother dead. No near relatives. Utterly destitute. Set him at work around the building. Kept him two weeks. Found him a good situation. Since heard that he was doing well.

Oct. 5th. M—H—, a young German, who fainted on the street from sheer hunger. Was carried into a drug store, where we found him. Took him to the Rooms. Boarded him four weeks, when he obtained a situation as bookkeeper.

Oct. 12th. J—R—, a college graduate, and a thorough Christian gentleman. Aided him two months, and found him a situation at last.

Nov. 4th. J—H—. Took him off the street to reform him. Gave him a good suit of clothes, and secured him a safe situation. Has not drunk since.

Dec. 1st. W—S—, a poor prodigal, his health shattered by dissipation. Came into our rooms very sick. Believe that he has truly repented, and been forgiven. Kept him until he was better, and sent him to his country home, which he left twelve years ago, in good health. This is his first visit since he left, and he probably goes home to die.

Other cases might be taken from the record, not so encouraging as these; still there are many more of the same sort. Charity work is a perplexing undertaking. It needs large experience to sift the wheat from the chaff. It requires time, correspondence, records and facilities for setting persons at work. The Y. M. C. A. has all these at immediate command, and this will account for its success. The greatest charity is that which not only relieves distress, but helps the needy to care for themselves, which inspires ambition to work, and affords the opportunity. Religious influence should be intimately associated with all charities, if they are to serve as a bridge, and not as a crutch. The Association is greatly in need of funds to carry on its work—never more in need than now. Will not its old friends come to its aid? Will not new ones volunteer?

MEISONAON NOON MEETINGS. Some little time ago the following incident was related: In 1859 a cabin boy, while in part, was converted in the meetings of the Young Men's Christian Association. As soon as out to sea the sailors began to persecute him, in order to frighten him out of his religion. The boy persevered, and the result was the conversion of a number of the crew. The speaker added that he was one of the sailors, and is sexton of a church in this city at the present time.

In another meeting Father Thomas said that several years ago a young lawyer, a skeptic, wandered into one of the noon meetings. He became interested, and in a subsequent meeting, while in prayer with several of the brethren, gave himself to Christ. He was afterward encouraged to prepare for the ministry. He is now a member of the Vermont Conference, and being greatly blessed in his ministry.

In a number of the meetings the deplorable state of religion in the South has been presented, either by brethren from that part of the country or by letter. The International Committee has sent two brethren to go through the South, in response to invitations, and hold revival meetings. Earnest prayer has been continually offered for the Churches of Louisiana.

Answers to prayer offered in previous meetings are reported, particularly from the State canvass. In the small towns many souls have been gathered into the Churches, and the religious interest has continued and deepened after the canvass meetings have closed.

Prayer was asked for a sick woman whom the doctor had given up. She was reported decidedly better two days after. An interperate man, an old drinker, reformed immediately after the request was sent in.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

You had better be poisoned in your blood than your principles.

Never think that which you do for religion is time or money misspent.

When a man is opposed to Christianity, it is because Christianity is opposed to him.

Labor is the law of the world, and he who lives by other men's means is of less value to the world than the buzzing busy insect.

Our Book Table.

A TEXT-BOOK OF GEOLOGY. Designed for Schools and Academies. By James D. Dana. Second Edition. Iveson, Blackman, Taylor & Co. The first edition of this work and of the "Manual of Geology," by the same author, have been before the public for somewhat more than ten years. Each book has been acknowledged by general consent as the best of its class—the former being unsurpassed for use in the recitation room, as the latter is unrivaled as an encyclopedic book for reference. A new edition of the Manual appeared a few months ago, and we are glad to notice that it has now been followed by a new edition of the "Text-book."

The period since the issue of the first edition has been marked by great changes in the science. New territories have been explored, yielding vast treasures of facts. Even in those countries most thoroughly explored before, new facts have been brought to light. The tablets longest studied have revealed new inscriptions. And while the materials of science have been thus accumulating, the processes of generalization and theorizing have been reducing the ever increasing multiplicity of fact to the unity and simplicity of law. The superstructure of opinion has changed in the last ten years even more than the foundation of fact. Of all these changes Prof. Dana has shown himself appreciative. It is one of the great merits of that prince of geologists that his opinions are never stereotyped. The minds of some men of great learning are only enormous museums of fossils. In the mind of our author the vital processes involved in the evolution of new opinions are going on continually.

Of this general remark Prof. Dana's attitude on the question of the origin of species is a striking illustration. After having been a strenuous opponent of the earlier phases of the development theory, and having reached an age at which most men become incapable of forming new opinions, he has now avowed himself a believer in the doctrine of evolution. His subscription to the doctrine is, indeed, guarded with some qualifications. We venture to predict that, if his life shall be spared for another decade, his evolutionism will be somewhat more decided. He still clings to the idea of occasional miraculous interpositions, between which the evolutionary processes of nature were going on. He suggests that the Mosaic genesis records only four flats in the history of life, implying long intervals of development under natural law. Such a view can be only transitional. The conception of the creative fiat as instantaneous and successive is far too anthropomorphic. The one eternal fiat of the All-wise and Unchanging pervades the whole history of the universe. In obedience to that eternal fiat nature moves on in an unbroken course, the changes of phenomena testifying the changelessness of law.

In the present, as in the former edition, the part on "Historical Geology" precedes that on "Dynamical Geology." This arrangement has appeared to us unjudicious and unfortunate, and we think teachers will do well to transpose these two parts of the book in assigning lessons to their classes.

In conclusion, we need only say that the old editions of Prof. Dana's works were, ten years ago, new editions are now—the best text-books on geology extant. His "Text-book" is the best text-book; his "Manual" is the best manual.

WEDDING GARMENTS, or, Bessie Morris' Diary. By Mary W. McLain. Published by Scribner, Armstrong & Co. This is a charming little history of a young girl, a young girl's diary. It is quite natural, rather matter-of-fact, full of the best instruction, conveyed in the most attractive way. Bessie gradually learns, through many practical lessons, how to clothe herself with the heavenly robes and prepare herself for the great marriage feast.

NATURE AND CULTURE. By Harvey Rice. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Small octavo, 202 pp. This volume embodies what were probably five lectures, with a dedicatory address delivered at the consecration of Mission Monument, at Williams College, in 1877. These addresses are upon "Nature and Her Lessons," "Woman and Her Sphere," "Education and Its Errors," "America and Her Future," and "Life and Its Aspirations." They are well-written essays, with no striking points, no very original or broad view of the "woman question," and nothing specially fresh on the very important topic of education. The view of a National University, with a branch in each State, is novel, but impracticable. The illustrations of his subjects are well selected; and, if well delivered, the addresses would have interested a popular audience. Read quickly to the study, they will not awaken great enthusiasm.

We announced in our editorial notes a book from the pen of Rev. Alexander Clark, editor of the *Methodist Recorder*. It is now published by J. B. Lippincott & Co. It is entitled STARTING OUT; A STORY OF THE OHIO HILLS. It is a natural tale, written with considerable skill, illustrating common life. It might easily have actually occurred in every one of its incidents, and we know not but it is a record of familiar facts. The characters are distinctly drawn, and the story carries its own moral; that the way of the transgressor is hard—that honesty, industry, and perseverance will meet with ultimate success—and that piety is the crowning ornament of a beautiful character.

Motley's JOHN OF BARNEVELDT (Harper's) is one of those important contributions to modern history that shows how close are the old times and the new. Some people fancy that religion has no connection with modern affairs; but nobody doubts its close admixture with the affairs of Europe three centuries ago. Out of the fierce religious wars rose the Dutch nation, and out of the Dutch people rose those names that are known to us, and that are becoming more known with every new crisis through the world press. John of Barneveldt, William Maurice, Hugh Grotius, Henry IV., Prince Condé, Arminius, are not mere figures, but men whose duplicities exist today, or may exist to-morrow—men who wrestled with the gigantic powers of darkness, sometimes themselves on the side of darkness. All these stalk before us in these pages. What is the soul of the scene? Religion. Romanism sought to reconquer Europe. Spain was its leader, and America fed its armies with her new-found mines. The same power would repeat the same events to-day, had it the power. How full this cool-headed Protestant has to be of this anti-Romanistic passion! He cannot help himself. He sees what they did, and he sees through it all. Gladstone and Bismarck see it none the less to-day. John of Barneveldt was a statesman who sought to keep the State apart from both the Church and the military power. Both struck, and the last slew him. His own king, whom he had made, took away his life, because he sought to repress too much military power. It was the defeat of Calvinism against Arminianism, in which he perished. Barneveldt was burned by Calvin; John of Barneveldt was beheaded by the Calvinists. When the Dutch commonwealth should have been united against the mighty Roman power it was cut in twain on a theological controversy. How well this story is told! How full of suggestions for these times! Motley is to enter upon a "Thirty Years' War," his last and chief work in intention—a work of blood. This sad story is a fitting prelude. Is not the whole series a preparation to a like mournful tale that our own land is yet to see? Yet, how apt, perhaps, to himself are these, his own words: "Few things are stranger in history than the apathy with which the wide designs of the Catholic party were at that moment regarded. The preparations for the immense struggle which posterity learned to call the 'Thirty Years' War,' and to shudder when speaking of it, were going forward on every side. In truth, the war had really begun; yet those most deeply menaced by it at the outset looked on with innocent calmness, because their own roofs were not yet yet ablaze." Is it not just to-day? Was it not so with our Southern confederation? And is it not now the war that is now re-rendering our Southern skies. Read this sad, strong work, and consider.

THE FRENCH HUMORISTS, by Walter Besant (Roberts Bros.), is a series of papers on writers, but few of whom have in name even crossed the channel. These few, however, like the French Norman, William, crossed to conquer. Rabelais, Montaigne, La Fontaine, Scarron, Moliere, Boileau, are known to all tongues. These, and their less notable associates, are admirably served up in this handsome thick octavo. Their lives are sketched, and then their real lives—their works. One will go far before he will find another so complete, valuable and spicy a volume. He says, in the introduction: "The most elementary form of a joke is the discomfiture of an enemy; discomfiture, a first, meaning death." So Cain was the first joker, and poor Abel was not unlike a Jesuit, who died, as he died, of a jest. A hard joke that, for sides' sake! A jesting, certainly that was not convenient. Perhaps this first sentence in the book is designed itself to be a joke. He thinks the lesser joking of laughter will after a while subside. Will a cock cease to crow? The volume is very entertaining and instructive—none more so to a literary mind in all the season.

The Christian World.

MISSIONARY DEPARTMENT.

BY REV. R. W. ALLEN.

INDIA.—Rev. L. R. Dunn furnishes several extracts from letters of Rev. R. Gray, M. D., of our Mission Conference in India, for the *Christian Standard*. We are sure our readers will be greatly interested in reading the following from the letter referred to:—

"My work is in the midst of the Himalaya Mountains on every side of me, with villages nestling among them, in what sometimes seem inaccessible places. I have a new Circuit, six large places in it, and hundreds of villages, with about 100,000 people. I treat some 600 patients a month, with a native doctor, who is a Christian and a local preacher. After giving the patients medicine we talk to them about religious subjects, which, by the way, are the great topics of thought among themselves. In this way we reach some. Then in the morning and evening we are out in their villages preaching, and the strange faces are sure to attract a crowd of all the people in the village. Colporteurs, traveling all through the country, distribute the Scriptures and tracts, which they seldom give away, but sell for a merely nominal price. In our schools the children are taught daily, and it is astonishing how many boys will come and learn the Scriptures, though their parents are forbidding them all the time. In our Sunday-school we teach them the same hymns and Berean Lessons used at home, translated of course into Hindue. If you could hear our singing you would think you were among English scenes. They sing the same old tunes I learned when a boy in the Sunday-school—'There is a happy land,' etc. And they sing with all their might; and not only so, they go home and sing there, and thus are unconsciously bearing the news of salvation to their homes.

"I have already twelve communicants, all born again. We have most precious meetings. I gather my servants, and as many as like besides, into my house every evening at dusk, when I read a chapter, sing a hymn, and have two or three prayers. Some of the native Christians know what the office and work of the Holy Spirit is by a blessed experience of them in their hearts. There is something in the very nature of this people that is religious, and when it is directed towards Jesus it makes them whole-souled and earnest in His worship."

The distinguished native missionary from India, Rev. N. Sheehadi, has the following letter in the *Christian World*, London:—

"I am thankful that I am busy from 4 A. M. to 9 P. M. At 5 o'clock I go out with a party of seven, to some village within ten miles, taking with us a drum, guitar, and pair of cymbals. Arriving at a village, our blind minstrel, Bartimeus, sings a Christian hymn to the instrumental music, and as this goes on men, women, and children collect around us. One of us tries to set forth the truths sung in a spirited address. Another hymn is sung, and another address given. My principal business is to supplement the addresses of our young evangelists, and close the whole with a concluding address. This lasts for nearly an hour and a half. We get very good congregations indeed, orderly, attentive, and respectful. While going to a village I try to give hints to our evangelists on the art of preaching. After preaching I ride home as fast as I can. That is about 9 o'clock. After breakfast I have a class of our medical catechists to read the Word of God. This lasts for nearly an hour. At about 1 o'clock I go over to the Anglo-Vernacular School, and impart religious instruction to the whole school. After this, at about 5 o'clock P. M., I have, twice a week, congregational meetings with our Christian people. At 7 o'clock the advanced scholars from the Anglo-Vernacular School come to read 'Angus's Handbook of the English Tongue.' The last class I hear is that of our young men, who read the Old Testament from 8 to 9 P. M. I assure you I have as much joy and pleasure in this work as I have in any other I am engaged in. However, with us it is sowing time."

Encouraging.—We hear from several Churches that the missionary collections are coming in better than usual. This is encouraging. We trust the New England Conferences will raise their full appropriations by the General Committee, namely: New England Conference \$28,000, Providence \$14,000, New Hampshire \$7,500, Maine \$6,500, Vermont \$6,000, East Maine \$3,000. Let there be no failure. We are sure there need not be, if proper attention is given. There is no time to lose.

Missionary Notes.—In the Waldensian missions in the valleys of Piedmont there are 16 parishes, containing 13,183 Protestants, 145 common schools, 4,400 scholars, 44 Sunday-schools, with 1,905 scholars. In other portions of Italy there are 33 organized Churches, 13 missionary stations, and 30 places occasionally visited. Their missions extend to Sicily and the Island of Elba, and embrace an Italian colony at Alexandria, in Egypt. The work is attended with great difficulties and sacrifices, and in many instances with much suffering, but the missionaries display great endurance and heroism. —The Moravian mission in Labrador is prospering, under great difficulties, but the Moravians know no discouragement or failure. They are remarkable for their missionary zeal. —In Burma, where God has wrought such wonders in the conversion of the Karens, the good

work is still progressing, and several conversions of more than ordinary interest have taken place. —The Spirit is poured out on the mission work in China in a most remarkable manner. At Canton the Presbyterian mission is receiving large additions. Throughout China, at all the missionary stations, the divine blessing rests richly on the people. —A missionary of Ooroomiah, Persia, says, "every day, almost, we hear of some new and interesting case among Mussulmans. There is a growing earnestness for times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, among both missionaries and native Christians." —In Syria a good work is progressing among the Mohammedans, a number of whom have professed faith in Christ. —Islamism has taken alarm at the advance of Protestant Christianity. The schools are teaching over 2,000 pupils, and the Gospel is preached in 59 different places, and the laborers from this country, male and female, number 31, besides 100 native assistants.

卹山使者
A NAMESAKE.

BY REV. F. OLINGHEER.

Individuals, societies, and even nations have been known to rejoice over the birth of a namesake. May we therefore not hope for a smile, at least from our faithful though distant visitor from the "hub," when we announce to him that not only a namesake but a younger brother (for he is of the Methodist family) has been born to him across the ocean. Though in language and dress emphatically Chinese, yet in spirit and aim a worthy off-spring of the old stock, we bespeak for him many an "all hail!" and "long live!" from his "big brother" and other relatives. His certificate of baptism, of which I herewith send a faithful copy, reads as follows:—

ZION'S HILL HERALD. Of the four large characters from the top to the middle of the first page, the line nearest the right edge gives the date of his birth as a Christian, reading literally, *Lord descend life one thousand eight hundred seventy-four year print*. The line between this and the name tells what he sincerely aspires to be. The one nearest the left hand edge of the page gives his date of birth as a Chinaman, and reads literally, "Great Purity—Tung che, thirtieth year, tenth month, the 1st day." (Great purity is the style of the present dynasty.) The line between this and the name gives a more definite account as to what locality he hails from. He comes to you carrying a neatly worded introduction of his youthful self, awaiting your pleasure for a hearing.

In order to facilitate matters, let me say a word or two for him. And here for convenience's sake I will change my style of language, and speak of him as he really exists—a pamphlet, containing eight leaves of printed Chinese brown paper, about the size of a common almanac, bound with paper cord and a few grains of cooked rice. The "Sung Sang Sen Chia" is for the present to appear monthly, say on the first day of each Chinese month, and to contain no less than sixteen, and no more than twenty pages. Remarkable as it may seem, it is nevertheless a fact that, as the work of this mission began to extend to the more distant parts of the (Fukien) province, the number of missionaries in the field began to decrease little at one time there were but two gentlemen and one lady left. From that time to the present our force of efficient workers (such as could speak the native language tolerably, has increased at the rate of one man per annum. Under these circumstances it was impossible for the missionaries to visit the most distant stations more than once a year. Inexperienced young men had to be sent away hundreds of miles, seeking a missionary perhaps once in six months, and then barely long enough to exchange greetings or give a brief account of their work, to say nothing of the advice they craved, and the instruction they needed.

Our native ordained men were almost day and night on the wing, and to them, under God, the Church owes much gratitude for the present increasing prosperity of the work. It is to be ascribed in great measure to their faithfulness that we have so few cases of sad failures recorded in the mission history, which, but for our depleted numbers, might have been prevented. We however became convinced that one of two things must soon be done: we must either visit our distant points more often, or adopt some other means of communication between ourselves and our outposts. To do the former seemed impossible, for at least several years to come. As to the latter, nothing could be thought of for some time that would not require more attention than we felt able to give to it. A Church periodical was of course the most practical means that could be suggested, and after about two years from the time it was first proposed the mission felt prepared to lay the proposition before the annual meeting of the native preachers. Our ordained men, and many of the most promising younger brethren were at once enthusiastic for the publication of a local denominational paper. A committee to draw up something tangible for the meeting to act upon was appointed, consisting of Elders Hu Po Mi, and Sia Sek Ong, Wong Kiu Mi, and the writer. When this committee came to seek for a name to propose to the meeting, the writer very naturally had in mind his own invaluable "Apology of the Advocate" object. The native brethren however objected, saying the name did not sound well in Chinese. Remarkable further on the different styles of Western newspapers,

and the idea sought to be conveyed thereby, I said, "our secular papers are styled 'Times,' 'Herald,' 'Tribune,' 'Telegraph,' etc. Our Church papers are styled 'Advocate,' 'Standard,' 'Herald,' for instance, our oldest American Methodist paper is called Zion's Herald."

"This is the name," cried Sia Sek Ong, and Hu Po Mi. "Christianity is in need of heralds here in China."

Brother Wong Kiu Mi would have preferred a plain "newspaper" style, and feared "Zion's Herald" would require a lengthy definition.

"Very well," said Sia Sek Ong, "this will afford another opportunity to inculcate a Scripture idea."

No arguments could move the two elders to abandon Zion's Herald. The meeting voted unanimously for its adoption, electing Brother Wong Kiu Mi native editor. The majority of the preachers verbally pledged themselves for ten subscribers, giving occasion for an edition of one thousand to start out with.

The paper has all the departments of our official Church periodicals (excepting the "Insurance Department"), even to the "Health and Disease" department, in which latter it will take occasion to advocate the principles of Temperance and cleanliness. It will have hard work before all its readers are convinced that cleanliness is cheaper than filthiness, and therefore possible for the most poverty-stricken. The first number contains an Introductory and Advertisement by the native editor; the first part of an essay on the Selection of Candidates for the Ministry, and Their Prescribed Course of Study, by Rev. Ting Ching Kwong; on Reading the Bible, by a Ningpo catechist; Report of the Fourteenth Annual Meeting of the Foochow M. E. Mission, by Sia Sek Ong; the Self-support Movement in Our Own Church; the "Estimating Committee" (see Discipline); Farewell Letter to the Hinghua District, by Hu Po Mi; meeting of the Presbyterian Synod at Chefoo; Opening of a New Chapel in Shanghai; Fraternal Letter from the A. B. C. F. Mission Annual Meeting to the M. E. Conf. Mission Annual Meeting; Recipes (How to Exterminate Insects from Domestic Animals); How to Cure Corns; How to Prevent the Spread of Contagious Diseases; Quarterly Meetings (Foochow District, First Round; Hock-ching District, First Round; Teng Ping District, First Round; Hinghua District, not ready); Death of Bishop Morris; Re-opening of the Biblical Institute; Expected Arrival of Rev. David Chandler and Miss Dr. Trask; A Word to Our Agents; News (Latest from Peking); Arrival of the New Commissioner of Customs for the Port of Foochow; Capture of Na-na-Sahib).

The easy, classic style in which the "Seu Chia" is to be printed opens to it a field of unparalleled magnitude. It will therefore not be amiss to ask all who love Zion to remember before a throne of grace this, the youngest enterprise of the East China Mission.

EDUCATIONAL.

There are over 450 students at the new college for men and women in London.

The total annual expenses of the Pittsburgh evening schools are about \$9,000.

A resolution prohibiting the reading of the Bible and prayer in the public schools was last week indefinitely postponed by the Toledo Board of Education.

The public schools in New Orleans, which were closed during December, were re-opened last week, and several colored pupils made their appearance unmolested at one of the high schools.

The average pay of male teachers in Colorado is \$32 per month. Female teachers receive \$51. The amount expended for school purposes during the past year was \$141,274.37.

There is a wise custom in force in New London, Conn. The Board of Education occasionally meets the teachers of the city to discuss matters of practical detail in the schools.

The Junior Class of Denison University, Ohio, elected French for the Winter term, in place of the Greek tragedy. The authorities concluded that it was not desirable to establish such a precedent.

The National school teachers of Ireland have called upon the Government to give teachers such an increase of salaries that the lowest shall be \$5 per week, and to provide pensions and residences for them.

A speaker at a recent Teachers' Institute in Illinois declared that parents were partly to be blamed for the poor teachers who disgrace their work; he thought they usually had as good teachers as they paid for.

A school of design, having five evenings in the week and one each Saturday, is to be established immediately in Toledo by the trustees of the University of Arts and Trades. The term will last four months.

Prof. Seymour of St. Louis, declares that to "reduce everything and everybody connected with the system to the dull level of a stupid uniformity is now our highest ambition. Large enrollments and regular attendance are ostentatiously paraded as evidences of skillful management."

It is calculated that there are more than 60,000 children in Massachusetts who do not attend any school. The whole number of children in our State between the ages of five and fifteen is 292,481, and the average attendance in the public schools is 190,908. These are strange figures for the old Bay State!—*New York Tribune*.

Commercial.

BOSTON MARKET.

WHEAT—Superfine, \$4.00 @ 4.25; extra, \$4.25 @ 4.50; No. 1, \$4.50 @ 4.75; No. 2, \$4.75 @ 5.00; No. 3, \$5.00 @ 5.25; No. 4, \$5.25 @ 5.50; No. 5, \$5.50 @ 5.75; No. 6, \$5.75 @ 6.00; No. 7, \$6.00 @ 6.25; No. 8, \$6.25 @ 6.50; No. 9, \$6.50 @ 6.75; No. 10, \$6.75 @ 7.00; No. 11, \$7.00 @ 7.25; No. 12, \$7.25 @ 7.50; No. 13, \$7.50 @ 7.75; No. 14, \$7.75 @ 8.00; No. 15, \$8.00 @ 8.25; No. 16, \$8.25 @ 8.50; No. 17, \$8.50 @ 8.75; No. 18, \$8.75 @ 9.00; No. 19, \$9.00 @ 9.25; No. 20, \$9.25 @ 9.50; No. 21, \$9.50 @ 9.75; No. 22, \$9.75 @ 10.00; No. 23, \$10.00 @ 10.25; No. 24, \$10.25 @ 10.50; No. 25, \$10.50 @ 10.75; No. 26, \$10.75 @ 11.00; No. 27, \$11.00 @ 11.25; No. 28, \$11.25 @ 11.50; No. 29, \$11.50 @ 11.75; No. 30, \$11.75 @ 12.00; No. 31, \$12.00 @ 12.25; No. 32, \$12.25 @ 12.50; No. 33, \$12.50 @ 12.75; No. 34, \$12.75 @ 13.00; No. 35, \$13.00 @ 13.25; No. 36, \$13.25 @ 13.50; No. 37, \$13.50 @ 13.75; No. 38, \$13.75 @ 14.00; No. 39, \$14.00 @ 14.25; No. 40, \$14.25 @ 14.50; 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ZION'S HERALD.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1875.

There is not a little of the ever-memorable "constitution saving" going on in Legislative debates at the present hour; and it is receiving remarkable aid in some of our hitherto leading anti-slavery periodicals. It is, doubtless, of vital importance to preserve the sanctity of the letter of our fundamental law. Serious consequences might possibly follow too great centralization of power in the federal government, at the expense of State sovereignties. There may have been more or less natural tendency in this direction during the war; but, after all, we are miserable scholars if we have not yet learned, in the terrible school of civil war, that there is a law higher than human enactments, and a superior constitution, exacting obedience even if it infringes upon some human ordinance. "Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?" It seemed impossible, twenty years ago, to snatch the slave from his bondage according to the constitution, and President Buchanan could not, for the life of him, see how to save the country, even when rebellion was rampant, without a breach of constitutional law; but when the heart of the nation was stirred, and when the whole Northern people arose with arms in their hands, the "laws were silent." Eternal justice now demands that the redeemed bondman shall have, and be defended in, his natural and civil rights. It is not of prime importance whether Republicans, Conservatives or pro-secessionists, or officers of State in the Southern Commonwealth, but the interests of these millions of national wards whom God has providentially placed in our hands, and whose proper care and education He will require of us, must be regarded. It is not the several States that are responsible for this, but the United States. It is worse than folly, after such a civil strife as we have just passed through, to become doctrinaire in constitutional law while thousands of human lives and the higher interests of millions of men are at stake. Let us first save the men; then we will give our attention to the saving of the constitution.

The Transcript is undisputed authority in its criticisms upon the viciousness of the modern stage. This paper, however, pays a poor compliment to the prevailing taste of the community and the moral influence of the theatre itself (but we fear with ample ground for the statement), when it hesitates to express its full opinion of the real deformity of an indecent theatrical performance introduced last week upon the stage, by saying that such an announcement would be sure to crowd the house. Of the performance referred to, in spite of the danger of making it too popular, the editor remarks: "It need not be said that, if not broadly vicious, it was insipid and vulgar; that it was a performance far from refined; and that mother and daughter could sit through it together without each blushing to think of the other being there." Our only occasion for noticing this is to call the attention of religious families to the fact that the whole atmosphere of the theatre is unwholesome and poisonous. All this demoralizing and corrupting influence is made the more harmful and given a wider scope by the patronage of the more respectable portion of the community. What poor compensation do these hours of sensational recreation offer for the positive moral ruin of the young that must inevitably follow their attendance upon the modern play-house?

BOSTON PREACHERS' MEETING.

We are neither the appointed nor the accepted organ of this voluntary and independent association. They do not ask our defense of any of their resolutions or discussions, and, perhaps, would hardly thank us for a voluntary service of this kind. They are abundantly able to take care of themselves, and are very much inclined to do so. Its members are subject to no restraints but their own sweet will and the most elastic possible of constitutions and by-laws. They form a very outspoken body of citizens, and their observations are as varied as were Solomon's, of old, stretching from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop springing out of the wall. No limits but those of Christian propriety hinder their criticisms of public men and public events, and, it is quite evident, that sometimes they approach very near to the verge of this; and daring brethren, at times, even scale this wall.

Evidently many persons in the United States imagine that Zion's Herald is the organ of this extraordinary weekly assembly; for whenever its members have had an especially free time, and developed opinions a little more remarkable than usual, or clothed them in language more forcible than elegant or scriptural, we are sure to hear of it from a large circle of inquirers. The quite full report of their doings and sayings, sure to be found in the Boston (not Zion's) Herald, is copied to an astonishing extent over the country, especially by Southern and Southern newspapers. Many of these papers are carefully mailed to the editor of Zion's Herald, and are often accompanied with anxious notes of personal inquiry whether these utterances are really the fair and sober expressions of the Methodist ministers of Boston.

There is no special reason why we should answer the question. It might

be well to keep a standing advertisement in our paper, referring all such inquiring friends to the president or secretary of the meeting, from whom, without doubt, the amplest and most satisfactory information could be obtained. But most kind-hearted persons perform many works of supererogation—not, indeed, arrogating to themselves any virtue in the acts.

The last galvanic shock from this lively ministerial battery was given out, a few weeks since, during the visit of Bishop Bowman and Dr. B. I. Ives to our city. The account of that morning's session, and particularly the strange speech of Dr. Ives (if fairly reported, for we did not hear it), as presented in the Boston Herald, has failed of quotation in very few Southern papers, secular or religious; and not a few Northern men, traveling at the South, have taken occasion to express their wonder and grief upon reading it. If the speaker was properly reported it can only be said of his address that it transgressed the boundaries of good taste, and verged so near, in its illustrations, to the line of irreverence for sacred things that no scrupulous religious conscience could fail to revolt from some of its utterances. This, however, was utterly unintended, of course, by the speaker. This portion of the speech was purely playful, but not less questionable. So far from expressing, in its unqualified and extravagant terms, the sentiments of the Preachers' Meeting, taken literally, probably it affirmed the convictions of no other man in the hall, and not even the real sentiments of the impulsive orator himself who proclaimed them. All men cannot be measured by the same moral standard. Men of volcanic emotions, like Father Taylor, like our excellent friend of the New York East Conference (Rev. W. P. Corbin), and like the rousing Doctor from Central New York, when fired up, can only give legitimate expression to their thoughts by peals of thunder and sentences bursting up like earthquakes. Their blazing periods, inflamed by uncontrollable laughter and the responses of a miscellaneous audience, ought never to be translated into sober English as an actual expression of their opinions.

This Monday morning meeting, however, should hardly be accounted a preachers' meeting, and ought not, conducted as it is, to bear the name it does. It has few of the features of what is ordinarily implied in such an association. It is a popular audience of ministers and laymen, of gentlemen and ladies, of elderly, middle-aged and quite young persons. The hall is usually crowded to suffocation, and representatives are present, not from New England merely, but from the whole country. While there are many admirable and carefully prepared essays read, the constant liability is to fall into a free discussion upon some question of the hour, and to treat it not so much upon its merits as upon some features of it as admit of dramatic or eccentric expression. The cheers and applause, which seem to have specially horrified readers of the late report, as connected with the broadest, unchristian, and offensive expressions of violent detestation of the South, especially Southern Christians, are simply the involuntary responses of this miscellaneous crowd, filling all the spaces of the hall, and of the amused and startled hearers, who have no time to weigh the moral character and the real nature of the ludicrous extravagances that fall upon their ears. It is no real expression of the honest convictions of the Christians of this vicinity.

It is not necessary, of course, to say that the Methodist ministers of Boston would look with horror upon another civil war at the South—that they do not believe that all Southern ministers and members are "the meanest scoundrels" in the country—or that "strychnine and cannon" should be used rather than to attempt "to coax the devil out of the miserable whelps down South." They do believe in the present administration of the government, not simply as partisans, but because at this time it represents a great patriotic and moral idea, and they desire to sustain it in its honest purpose to afford equal justice to the white man and the black at the South. They seek to offer all their moral aid to it, and to their own brethren in the Southern States who are attempting to assist the long righteously abused negro to enjoy the rights that are his by nature, by an almost miraculous providence, by the stern arbitrament of war, and by the direct gift and pledge of the federal government. We have sympathized for so many years with the sorrows of this race, have heard the tales of horror from the lips of men who had stolen away from cotton and rice fields, from our cradles, and have personally, so lately, staked our property and lives, really, upon the question of their freedom, that the relation, by eye-witnesses, of constant, predetermined, and inconceivably cruel and unpunished abuses, still practiced upon these weak and ignorant freedmen, stirs our hearts to their depths again, and it requires no ordinary self-control to restrain the natural expressions of a Christian indignation. Men that are not accustomed to control their wrath fall involuntarily into the sentences of the imprecation Psalms.

But every sensible man must see that the South has herself the most at stake. Our great office is, therefore, if possible, to win her co-operation in a common work of elevation. If a few leading men of the Christian Churches at the South would come forward and speak out as they ought; if they would declare openly the scriptural doctrine of a common brotherhood; if they would trample upon this prevailing intoler-

ance to opposing opinions, and heartily welcome to their pulpits, homes, and a common field of labor ministers and teachers from the North, as we cheerfully would their representatives, these serious occasions for bitterness would soon pass away.

THE SUFFERINGS OF THE PROTESTANT CLERGY IN PRUSSIA.

Some very interesting, though sad details of the adversity found in the Protestant parsonages in Prussia are now being brought to light by the working of the new Church laws, which cut off some of the perquisites of the lower clergy.

Since Martin Luther founded the Protestant parsonage, in contradistinction to the Catholic monastery, these homes of the evangelical clergy have been regarded as idyllic retreats of earthly happiness, and the sources of pure moral and religious influence of their respective parishes. And they have not only been beacon-lights of true and simple faith, but also the scene of deep study in Biblical science, and the center of Christianizing culture. From these modest retreats have come forth many of the deepest thinkers and brightest intellectual lights of the land, in all fields of human knowledge. They have given to the world the most beautiful hymns and books of devotion, as well as the purest of literature for home culture and the elevation of the family circle.

All that has been done for the most meager reward, and with the greatest sacrifice, with no striving after the riches of this world. But for the last few years the greatly increased expense of living in Germany, with their fixed and unchangeable salaries, has reduced them to a state of actual poverty which is no longer bearable. And, very strange to say, their case has been brought before the Prussian House of Delegates by Deputy Lasker, a liberal Jew, who has greatly distinguished himself, of late, in public life in Prussia, in trying to reduce all extravagances in the civil service and thence every corrupt ring. The Protestant members of the House have been startled to hear Lasker declare that the nation owes it, as a debt of honor, no longer to leave the Protestant State clergy in their extreme destitution.

The incentive to this assertion was the authentic and official report concerning the condition of the Protestant Evangelical Church in Prussia, the statements and figures of which are simply appalling. The vast majority of the clergy were living on about three hundred dollars a year, and this largely in fees for marriages, baptisms, funeral services, etc. The result was, in many cases, extreme destitution, for fathers of large families found it impossible to feed many mouths with this petty sum; and actual cases were stated where ministers' wives were engaged in other families as cooks, or the children as farm laborers and housemaids. The pastors were frequently deeply in debt to the peasants of their parishes for the means of giving their children a modest education, and were thus made dependent on their people. In case of death of the father the widow's bitter school of sorrow and privation was simply increased, for she seldom received a pension of more than a hundred dollars, and in some instances less.

This disgraceful showing brought the House in a certain degree to its senses, and from the first of January of this year there is an increase on the minimum salaries of about one hundred and fifty dollars. But even yet the condition of the Prussian clergy is painful in the extreme; for in many instances it is impossible to obtain this in localities where the salary depended largely on fees. The civil marriage bill permits all who desire it to be satisfied with that alone, and the very few connected with clerical consecration keeps many from asking it; and then the registration of births has been transferred to civil officers, so that some parishes in October last—the first month of the new experiment—declared that they had not taken in thirty dollars on their whole circuit.

In painful contrast to this suffering and destitution of the Protestant clergy in a Protestant State is the fact that the Catholic establishments are comfortable, and in some instances actually wealthy. Of one thousand inhabitants in Prussia one third are Roman Catholics, but they nevertheless manage to obtain more than twice as much money from the public treasury as do the far greater number of Protestants. This mystery is explained by the fact of the necessity of keeping up large establishments in their case, because they have no family arrangement of their clergy, and thus for many years the Protestant State has been willing to yield to their demands to secure their political support for the crown; and this very yielding together of many of their priests enables them to live at a less expense. In addition to which they are accustomed to lay their members under frequent contributions, which are always granted.

But the government is now waking up to the gravity of the situation, and perceiving that, in self-defense, as well as honor, it is time to make some change. The salaries of the clergy have been somewhat increased, and there is just now a movement in operation to give them a synodal organization, by which their burdens and rewards may be rendered more equal. And the anxiety on the part of the State is well explained by the fact that Protestant parsonages are remaining in some cases empty for want of candidates. Any other brain work is better paid than that of the pulpit; and five

theological students lately left one of the schools to take the course of study prescribed for the postal service because it is much better rewarded. Germany never needed the pure example and the refining influence of the Protestant parsonage more than now; and we hope she will soon find it to her interest to better pay those who elevate her people, rather than those who debase them and teach them rebellion.

LETTER FROM MEXICO.

In the appointments which have recently been sent forward to Bishop Simpson the name of the writer is put down to the "City Circuit and Miraflores." Miraflores, with its surrounding towns, is what is meant by "an out-station." It is about thirty miles from the city of Mexico. I have just returned from a journey thither. On Saturday morning, January 2, before daybreak, I set out on horseback, accompanied by one of our native preachers, Carlos Abeyro by name. After a ride of five hours we reached our destination. Miraflores is a very neat little town, of some six or eight hundred inhabitants, situated on the side of a hill, having stretched out before it one of the loveliest valleys you could wish to see, with the perpetually snow-capped Ixtacchualt and Popocatepetl rising up and forming its matchless background.

The preacher always receives here a genuine Scotch welcome from Mr. Robinson and his estimable lady, as well as from the equally kind-hearted junior Robinsons. Thirty-six years ago Mr. R. came here, and established what has proved to be one of the most successful cotton factories in the country. They give employment to some four hundred hands, many of whom work by the "piece," for which they are well paid; and working, as they do, from the morning till 8 o'clock at night, the laborer has every opportunity of improving his earthly store. But these good Scotch people have done more than simply give these men employment. Neatness, in person and home, is rather a scarce article among the working classes of Mexico. From the first a reformation was attempted in this direction. My readers may smile when I say that a rule was established prohibiting any man entering the factory Monday morning unless he had on a clean shirt! This effort accomplished its end. You see it now, in the people and in their homes; and I must say that I have not seen a neater and brighter looking congregation in any part of our mission. Trinity Church, Mexico, has many well-to-do attendants; but, taken as a whole, none surpass this little company in this respect. The establishment of a school for the children has also been an auxiliary in this good work.

When I entered our humble place of worship, at 7 o'clock, Sunday morning, Bro. Abeyro was teaching the people how to sing our hymns. You may depend upon it he is a Methodist, as far as this goes, for he sings with gusto, and urges all the people to do the same. Following this "service of song," which Dr. Tourje would certainly have enjoyed, came a sermon from "the parable of the sower and the seed." At noon fourteen English-speaking people met in Mr. Robinson's house for English service. Another Spanish service at 4 P. M., preceded by Sunday-school, closed the efforts of the day.

Early Monday morning we were off for Teletelo, a small town, fifteen miles distant, of about nine hundred inhabitants. We arrived there at half-past 9. Neither of us had been here before; but the first man to whom we spoke, as we drove into La Plaza, proved to be Protestant. He received us cordially, and in a few minutes we had five of the "hermanos" (brethren) in his house, talking over the interests of the cause. We have during the past year occasionally sent them a native preacher to hold service; but when none came they still continued it, as best they could themselves. I was much pleased to see the neat hall they were fitting up with the little money we had given them for this purpose, and for which the owner gives us a receipt, as so much (in advance) toward rent.

Our conference, which resulted, I doubt not, in strengthening our cause here, lasted about two hours, after which we were invited to a genuine Mexican dinner—no Parker House, in style, it is true, but a genuine Parker could not serve better broiled chicken and beef-steak than we had, to say nothing of the "frijoles," a luxury you know nothing of in New England, and more preferable than the companion of your Sunday morning brown bread. For this hearty dinner, of five courses, as well as for the care of our horses, I offered to pay, but was told by the kind brother that he considered it an honor to have us in his "poor house." Surely we needed to "take nothing for our journey" to that place—"no scrip, no bread, no money in our purses," for "they received us." May the blessing of Him who sent forth the "twelve" "by two and two" rest upon these humble followers, and give success to the small beginning there.

On our journey to and fro we passed through five other towns, with a population of from eight to ten hundred each. Riding through San Pablo, as we passed the church (the band of music, the display of fireworks, etc., indicated a "feast day." In reply to our question, as to what feast day, we were answered, "don't know, unless it is for St. Paul" (the patron of the town). But, think of St. Paul being thus worshipped, having such a demonstration in the "house of God," with fireworks and brass bands, in his honor. Just then I thought, could he on that morn-

ing have come forth from the grave, would he not have delivered to these misguided and superstitious people another such cogent discourse as he uttered on Mars Hill? Here also he would find a temple, with its paintings and idols, with a "service of men's hands," which mixed together Roman inventions and ancient Mexican superstitions? Oh for a second Paul, endowed with like wisdom, power and faith, to go among these people, more mystified even than the ancient Athenians, to lift his voice in directing them to the (as yet) "unknown God!"

Passing on from San Pablo we came, in an hour more, to Cocotlan. We drove at once to the centre of the town, and found that the man before whose door we had stopped was a Protestant. In five minutes we had no less than ten persons of "like faith" around us. They told us they had formerly attempted Protestant service, but that now, as one remarked, they "were sleeping." They expressed gratification at our offer to come for the purpose of trying to wake them once more. But this state of "sleep" is not the condition of Cocotlan merely. In that beautiful and fertile valley are something like twenty villages, with an average population of a thousand each. Long has this miserable mixture of Roman inventions and the remains of ancient Mexican idolatry misled these thousands of souls, and sunk them in profound sleep, as to all spiritual religion and practical piety. Shall not the Methodist Church go, in the name of Christ, and cry, "awake, thou that sleepest?" What a field is here, with this chain of villages, for a grand old-fashioned Methodist Circuit! This year, I am sorry to say, we can give it but little attention; it is but an out-station of our large Circuit. We shall send a native preacher this month to live among them, and once a month I intend visiting them myself. Our effort will be to plant firmly our cause in the two towns at either end of the valley, Miraflores and Teletelo, and also to do some colporteur work in the intermediate villages, hoping that next year our Church at home will send us the man who will have this promising field as his Circuit, and who, under God, shall yet see this "valley excited," and its people redeemed—a people who shall then be as fertile in their "spiritual fruits" as their beautiful valley now is under the labor of their hands.

J. W. BUTLER.
City of Mexico, Jan. 20, 1875.

Editorial Paragraphs.

Dr. Hoyt, of *The Western*, has discussed very elaborately and with marked ability the Hymn-Book question. He doubts both the wisdom and right (in the interim of General Conference, and in view of the action taken at its late session) of the Agents at New York to publish a new denominational hymnal. One of our ministerial contributors, a sweet singer in our Israel, refers in another column none too forcibly to the confusion and great inconvenience already occasioned by the multiplication in our churches of hymn-books. In one church with which we are familiar we find in the seats the regular Church Hymn-Book, the Hymn and Tune Book, The Tribute of Praise, and Winwood Hymns—a perfect Babel of books, with a corresponding confusion in song.

We have not been as profoundly impressed as is our very able contributor, Dr. Henry W. Warren, with the voluminousness of our present Hymn-Book; neither with the significance of the fact that less than one-third of them are ordinarily used in public worship.

For, first, we have not yet begun in our Church to give adequate attention to the culture of our young people for congregational singing. Good music does not come by instinct. We shall never have good singing until we have positive and continued instruction. The old, admirable singing-schools of other days must be renewed. The reason we do not sing more of our hymns is because we do not know appropriate tunes for the metres. Our richest hymns are in peculiar metres. There are, however, excellent tunes for them, if we but took pains to learn them. These can readily be taught, and then we have a fresh and sweet vein of wonderful lyrics opened to us in the hymns of the Wesleys found in our present compilation.

Second, the great body of ministers take no pains to look up their hymns before reaching the pulpit. They have never studied our rich Hymn-Book, and have little idea of its treasures. They hastily turn the pages after they enter the desk, and select only the familiar hymns that first meet the eye. There is no wonder that three hundred more than cover their range.

Third, again, the Hymn-Book is not intended simply for public worship. It is a metrical Bible, a system of divinity in verse, a volume of holy and high meditations in rhyme upon religious themes. It is one of the most comforting and inspiring manuals in hours of private devotion and confinement at home on account of sickness. It ought to be read more than it is; but there are thousands of loving hearts that derive perennial refreshment from the Hymn-Book.

The book may well be re-edited—very carefully, however, with no little tenderness for hymns that have become sacred through long use and the heaven of life hidden within their lines. It ought to be published in cheap form, with merely the slightest profit to the Book Concern.

We believe in teaching our children to sing from it, and to sing the magnificent chorals that will never die. This is the style of singing now practiced in our best public schools. What is it that crowds Music Hall annually, and holds entranced the audience of thousands? It is not such straths, as "We are waiting by the river," but the glorious old solid melodies that move the very depths of the heart, and that cannot die.

After a long, bitter struggle—in which Representative John Brown of Ky. (a very different man from Old John Brown), re-produced the temper and tone of the pre-revolutionary discussions in Congress, and for a breach of the proprieties of debate, coupled with unmanly prevarication, was brought before the bar of the House, and by its order severely censured by Speaker Bialoe for his conduct—the amended Civil Rights bill was passed. It must still be returned to the Senate, to act upon the amendments that have been made in it, or rather to act

afresh upon it, as it is a substitute for the Senate bill.

It now simply assures the colored man a full and equal enjoyment of the accommodations of public places, conveyances by water and land, and of theatres and places of public amusement. The present bill shuts out from his equal occupancy the cemeteries and the public schools. One great gain secured by the Act is the fact that the freedman, if deprived of his rights as therein affirmed, has opened to him, if he chooses to prosecute, the United States courts, and United States attorneys and marshals are both authorized and commanded to commence proceedings in his behalf.

The two unfortunate features of the bill are, first, the significant fact that it was passed by a purely Republican vote, the Democratic members of the House voting in a body against it, showing the relation of this party to it; and, secondly, that the public school has been omitted. This will perpetuate the very difficulty that the Act seeks to remove. This bitter war of color and classes will still be fostered. The very thing that the South, for her own salvation, needs (the education and elevation of the black man) will be too generally neglected. The legislation which discriminates against the freedman will only tend to exacerbate the growing strife of races, and hinder the return of the needed hours of peace and quiet industrial progress.

It is impossible to keep any social system permanent or comfortable that is based upon a natural wrong. Heaven and earth are only in harmony when righteousness and truth embrace each other.

The forty-third annual report of the Trustees and Directors of the Perkins Institution for the Blind is a document of exceptional interest. It forms a pamphlet of one hundred and fifty pages. In it Dr. S. G. Howe, intimating, perhaps in view of his delicate health (what we sincerely trust will not prove to be the fact), that he may not be able to prepare another, gives quite a full and very interesting history of the origin and progress of the institution. He recounts with the always affecting detail of the process by which he found access to the doubly veiled minds of Laura Bridgman and Oliver Caswell—totally blind and deaf, and therefore speechless also. Dr. Howe suggests the change in his theories as to all large institutions, and his successful experiment in breaking up the conventional life of the Asylum, by building cottages, into family circles. He recounts modestly the great work he has accomplished for the blind, in the preparation of a special literature, and especially in securing for them such an industrial training as has enabled a large number of them to earn comfortable livelihoods for themselves. It is a record that any philanthropist might feel happy and justly proud to have behind him. The pamphlet is of permanent value, and will be useful for future reference. The practical suggestions as to the discipline and management of such institutions and their inmates are invaluable, and will be appreciated by all interested in the case of these unfortunate young persons.

The annual report of the British and Foreign Bible Society forms a stout volume of over four hundred pages. Although it is largely taken up with statistics, the reports of Bible distributors in every portion of Europe, in many parts of Asia and Africa, in Australia and the islands of the sea, are full of suggestive and impressive incidents. One cannot glance over this history of a year with God's Word in its wide itineraries over the earth, and notice the increasing openings for its circulation, and the marked and blessed results that follow in its train, without lifting the heart in thanksgiving, and taking fresh courage in the work of the evangelization of the world. The hopeful condition of things in Spain, may, possibly, now meet with a temporary reaction, under the rule of the Catholic Alphonso, but the seed has been too widely scattered to be lost. It may prove to be sown among thorns, and be choked; but it will live! The work of Bible distribution in France, in Russia, in Austria and in Italy is something amazing in its system, breadth of operations and affecting results. It is not the simple scattering of Bibles and Testaments, but the living voice of the colporteur accompanies them. Heaven and earth may pass away, but the Word of God abideth forever.

Blessed be the man that can write the following note. He has no wealth—only the spare salary of a Methodist minister in country appointments; but he is rich in grace and in good works, and the blessing of Lord and of His poor dwells richly upon him. "I happen," he says, "to be one of those happy mortals who have all the money they want, and a little to spare. So I enclose you five dollars, to help—so far as it will go—some of those dear brethren, out on the frontier, who may find it a little inconvenient just now to raise the subscription price of the HERALD. If received all right, please drop me a card, and oblige yours, etc." We have, weekly, the most touching letters from child subscribers, who are pained to give up the HERALD, but who know not how to raise the money to pay for it. We shall make this generous gift go as far as possible, charging no profit on the papers, and adding something to the donation.

It is a rare pleasure to be permitted to examine a school text-book, not only of the highest order as to its substance, of its contents, but prepared by a master of the purest and most attractive style. This rare combination is found in Mr. Higginson's Young Folks' History of the United States, just issued from the press of Lee and Shepard. We shall envy the little fellows and ladies of the present time the pleasure they will take in it, as well as the profit they will derive from it. It will be equally welcome as a new school text-book and as a charming volume for evening reading aloud in the family. The history, one in which social and civil incidents are given more fully than battles, covers the whole story of the fortunes of the country, from the earliest "mound builders" to the administration of General Grant.

The mechanical execution of the book is worthy of its contents. It is published on calendered and tinted paper, and its profuse illustrations are fresh, happily selected, and executed in a superior manner.

The editor of the Nashville *Christian Advocate* (Methodist Episcopal Church South) calls upon Zion's Herald and other Northern Methodist papers to denounce the utterances of Dr. Ives in the late Preachers' Meeting; but he uses very much the same kind of language for which he criticizes Dr. Ives, in his own reference to the affair. "A fiendish monster," he says, "ought to be ejected from the Church, and shunned by all civilized people." Dr. Summers offers a very poor example, in this, of the Christian courtesy he demands of others. He is indignant that Bishop Bowman, or some other preacher present on the occasion, did not take exceptions to the "atrocity of deliverances." Bishop Bowman was not present

when these words were spoken, but had accompanied the editor of Zion's Herald to the Theological School to address the students, at their request. A leading pastor of one of our Boston Churches arose immediately after the address of Dr. Ives, and did take serious exceptions to the character of the discussion, and we have not yet heard the first word of approbation of the terms in which the speech was uttered. The Episcopal Methodist refers in the same extravagant language to the bad rhetoric and worse taste of the speech, saying that "never since the days of Ignatius and Nero, when the early Christians were tortured and killed to glut the Roman appetite for blood, have we read and heard of anything comparable to the speech of the Rev. Dr. Ives at the Boston meeting." That is what may be called strong writing! It is singular that neither of these papers have found occasion to offer one word of sympathy or interest in behalf of the ignorant and abused colored population of the South, to refer to the persecutions of their teachers from the North, or the unmanly treatment of Northern business men at the South, or of the thousands of officially attested murders of black men and their friends during the past two or three years. We do not believe in exasperating words. Our difference of opinion already open with sufficient width. We must pray and work, and keep the peace, and wait. God may yet bridge the gulf.

The Catholic Publication Society of New York issue in a pamphlet form the "Letter addressed to His Grace, the Duke of Norfolk," by John Henry Newman, D. D. It is, in many respects, the most striking response to the recent "Exposition" with English Roman Catholics of Mr. Gladstone. It is ably and learnedly written, with the strength and grace of style characteristic of the greatest pervert that the English Church ever lost, or Romanism gained. It is not entirely satisfactory to ultramontane Catholics, although on many points Newman reaches the farthest limits of faith, and finds the most subtle philosophies to justify his positions. But he evidently hesitates at the baldest forms of infallibility, and is a born Englishman in his instincts. Some of his admissions and affirmations will render his defense of Romanism a matter more to be dreaded, as coming from within the Church, than the terrible attack from without. All this discussion will pour light on thoughtful minds in that Church. Dr. Newman himself remarks, with no little sharpness, at the close of his letter, "I acknowledge one Pope, *jure divino*; I acknowledge no other. He seems to me to be an inspiration, and an imperious individual to set up their private authority 'for the purpose of annihilating the private judgment of others.' When Catholics really think for themselves they will enter into the body of that torpid Church the heaven of life. These remarkable pamphlets are prophetic of such an hour and result.

Dr. Edwards, of the *Northwestern*, has a strongly-written editorial upon the duty of our people to support their own newspapers, and especially upon the unbecomingly and unwise tendency to multiply local and special papers. To develop an interest in all our Church enterprises, and to secure a broad mental and religious culture, a general paper, embracing the movement of the denomination, is far more wholesome than any narrow compendium of simply local news or exponent of a religious doctrine. "The local paper," says *The Northwestern*,—"is compelled to omit general Methodist and other Church news, so that its readers are left in the dark as to the progress of the cause. Moreover, when a local paper's readers begin to wish further reading, they say, 'we already have one Methodist paper, and our second shall be no other than Methodist.' Such local readers thereby first lose their education as a consequence of the local paper, and then, in the second paper, almost cease to be a Methodist at all. We doubt exceedingly whether any local paper, no matter how good, can be a Conference interest, such as a college or seminary, or the extension of home Church work, that is done by the official paper circulating in that territory. Our most stimulating come from above and beyond us, and enthusiasm and spirit are checked when the local paper is the only one. Our Methodist Church should be in sympathy with the whole Church, and every local paper tends toward congregationalism, the one discipline would not have spoken the words we quote above."

The American Tract Society (Boston) has changed its publishers, and its works are now issued by Noyes, Holmes & Co., but the publications have lost none of their elegance of mechanical execution or excellence of contents. The *Christian Banner*, a very handsome 16 page monthly, is always full of the best religious miscellany, pleasantly varied, and the children's pages—*Child at Home* and *Apples of Gold*—are models of their kind. It is good literature to sow.

Mrs. Ann Eliza Young has generously consented to deliver one of her very interesting and valuable lectures upon Mormonism for the benefit of the Missionary and Church Extension Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Arrangements have been made for the lecture to be given at the Society, in the commodious Saratoga Street Church, East Boston. The lecture will occur on Tuesday evening, February 16, at 7½ o'clock. We trust the house will be crowded. The price of tickets will be 25 cents each.

A well known and beloved New England minister, now a pastor in New York City, writes: "I can't tell you how much I enjoy the HERALD, and how welcome it is to my home. We are having happy times at St. Paul's. The second Sabbath in January we took a missionary collection of nearly eleven thousand dollars, and on the last Sabbath we received more than four thousand for the City Missionary Society, and best of all, God is with us, and souls are being saved. I am getting on in my health, by taking special care."

Rev. C. C. McCabe, Agent of The Church Extension Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, is to spend two weeks, beginning February 14th, among the Churches of Boston. His object is to spread information concerning the workings of the Society before the people, and arouse a more general interest in this great Church agency. He spends February 14th in Lynn.

The earnest appeal of Rev. J. H. Bennett, in the columns of Church news, ought not to be overlooked. It is a specially deserving cause. The souls of men have been wandered away from the paternal shores here a fine opportunity to practically express their love for the Pine Tree State.

Presiding Elder G. W. Brewster writes: "Mrs. Charlotte Sheffield, wife of Rev. J. F. Sheffield, died in great peace, February 2d. An obituary will be sent hereafter."

WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY, CLASS OF 1855.—Will the members of the class please forward their P. O. address to the Secretary, Rev. Edward H. True, 1 Carver Street, Boston, Mass.

spoken, but he did not address the student body. The Rev. J. H. Richardson died in Portland, Sunday morning, aged 82.

The Congressional Temperance Society renewed this year their earnest recommendation, that intemperance and its remedies occupy the attention of Christian ministers and congregations on the 21st of February.

DEAR DOCTOR:—You hardly understand, Dr. Vernon's position in his note, and therefore do him, unintentionally, harm. He is operating our Church work with great efficiency. It was in reference to English speaking service at Rome that he condemned separate organizations. At Paris, and also at Rome, the Protestant Episcopalians have broken from other Christians, and established a separate service in our language.

At the 7th National Temperance Convention, held at Saratoga Springs, Aug. 26th and 27th, 1874, it was resolved that the next National Convention shall be called by the National Temperance Society whenever, in the judgment of said Society, the need for such Convention becomes apparent.

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engaged in building a large church, has caused it to be finished, and is about to hand it over to the authorities of the Establishment. The plentiful crop of ice is taxing the inventive powers of the dealers to a terrible extent to account for the high price at which they mean to hold the article next summer. They are considering whether the short water crop may not enable them to sell it to cities, to put out fires, etc. "Hoist away, Sixteen!" Sling that cake of ice into the fourth story!"—(Advs.)

The Senate adjourned as a mark of respect to the memory of Senator Buckingham of Connecticut. Messrs. Hamlin, Sherman, Stevenson, Fenton and Washburn were appointed to attend the funeral. The Civil Rights bill was passed by the House as it came from the judiciary committee, the school clause being struck out. The debate upon it was again a sharp one. The vote stood—yeas, 162; nays, 100. The British Parliament re-assembled Friday last. The Queen's speech, read by the Lord Chancellor, was, on the whole, of a congratulatory nature. Dr. De Koven has been elected bishop of Illinois. The Rev. Leighton Coleman of Toledo, has declined the episcopacy of Northern Wisconsin.

The examination of Mr. Reynolds and wife, charged with causing the death of children at their so-called "baby-farm" in Holliston, was ended in the discharge of the defendants. Three Catholic churches were burned in Connecticut Saturday afternoon, at Hartford, New Haven and Putnam; total loss \$180,000. The pre-payment of postage on newspapers for January has not yielded the revenue expected.

A sad affair occurred at Lyme, Conn., last Thursday night. A dwelling house was destroyed by fire, and the seven children, not half clothed, took refuge in a clump of cedars, near by, where one was frozen to death. Lieut. Commander Allen, United States Navy, was found dead in bed at Portland Sunday morning. Andrew Johnson received a very flattering ovation last Saturday on his visit to Memphis. A fire at the Shaker settlement at Lebanon, N. Y., destroyed property valued at \$70,000.

The East of Yonkersburg, Eng., aged 40 years, died on Sunday. The Philadelphia Water Works were frozen up Saturday, and the people were greatly inconvenienced. It is said the Western Union Telegraph Company will reduce their rates below those of the Atlantic and Pacific from about the 15th instant.

The Maine Legislature was recently opened with prayer by a woman. The judiciary committee of the Legislature favor abolishing the death penalty. Bark Northern Chief, from Liverpool for the United States, has returned damaged. Bark Lullia W., from New York, has arrived at Queenstown, damaged. Bark Nellie, from Liverpool for the United States, grounded at Melilla, is expected to get off.

The bark Margaret Evans, from Philadelphia for New York, ashore in Seafood bay, was hauled off. The bark Ann, from Rotterdam for New York, ashore on the Goodwin Sands, is a total wreck, cargo saved. For the first time China is in the market, for a loan. Mrs. Fitzgerald of San Antonio, Texas, has taken a contract to grade 12 miles of railroad. The water in Lake Couchichewin has risen three inches since Saturday. A home for laborers is to be established at Portland. Columbus Stewart, of North Anson, treasurer of Somerset County, Me., is a defaulter to the amount of \$2,000. His sureties are good.

ing friends, and his satisfaction with the work of the day. "Good night" was sung and the benediction said, and so closed the services of this long-to-be-remembered occasion. The whole was very creditable to the Church, and especially so to the committee of arrangements.

Byfield.—The work of God is progressing gloriously in this place. Up to this writing 187 have sought the Lord, and all (with one exception) have publicly testified that Christ has saved them. When we remember that this has been done in three weeks, and in a scattered community like this, we can only exclaim, "It is the Lord's doing; and it is marvelous in our eyes." Many of the saved are heads of families, and already the family altar is erected and the voice of prayer and praise is heard, where before was heard the voice of blasphemy. Said one in prayer-meeting, last Sunday night, "I was never in a meeting house for three years before the other night. When I had to go home from shop the first thing I looked for was something to curse my wife for. But now the first thing I do is to tell her how the Lord has blessed us in the shop to-day. And this morning, after breakfast, my wife read a chapter in the Bible, then I prayed, then she prayed, and then my little boy five years old said, 'Father, I want to pray too, for I am a Christian.' And I have been to meeting three times to-day. This is the happiest day of my life. I don't want to be happier than I am." There were many such cases as the above. "O what a change there is in the shop," said a man to the other day. "I used to hear nothing but oaths and curses, or some one holding religious professions up to ridicule; but now I hear nothing but the singing of Methodist hymns." To God be all the glory!

I never saw so many souls saved with so little labor. We have preached no sensational sermons, but every night we have had prayer-meetings, and while we have prayed some could not wait for the invitation to be given, but have arisen and said "Pray for me." God is still at work, and we hope to see more saved yet.

A new and beautiful organ, built by G. H. Ryder, of Boston, has been recently placed in our audience room, at a cost of \$700; and through the untiring labors of Brother J. O. Rogers the whole of the money was raised. The instrument was opened by an organ concert on the 15th ult., at which the builder presided, assisted by J. P. Wildes, of Georgetown; singing by Miss Nichols and Mr. Clark, of Boston. Messrs. Osgood and Wildes, of Georgetown, and members of our own choir. The organ is a great ornament to our church, and a great help to our choir and congregation. It gives universal satisfaction.

Rededication at Holliston.—After completing the thorough repairs of the Methodist church in this town, the rededication exercises were held on Wednesday, the 31st inst. The services were opened with a voluntary on the organ, followed by the singing of the Doxology and an anthem by a select choir. The Scriptures were then read by Rev. J. W. Hambleton. Rev. Dr. Sherman, Presiding Elder, then offered prayer. After again singing, the dedicatory sermon was delivered by Rev. I. G. Bidwell, from Isaiah liii, 11. Several of the former pastors participated.

The present improvements were completed in September, and include the erection of a spire 96 feet in height, new windows of a circular form, an addition at the rear for the organ, also the use of the ladies. The vestry has been new floored, and the small vestry removed to the rear. The main audience-room has been re-plastered and frescoed, and the seats arranged in three aisles.

Hebronville.—The Hebron Union Church was burned to the ground January 17. It is not known how the fire originated. The regular service had been held in the church, and nothing indicating fire was discovered at the close of worship, at half past two o'clock. The fire was first discovered about three o'clock, issuing from all parts of the organ. It had lately been beautified and a vestry put under it, at a cost of \$1,500. It was insured for \$2,000. J. Q. A.

Society is to have congregational singing. Some souls have recently professed conversion. Rev. J. H. Ames, former pastor of the Bates Street Universalist Church in Lewiston, has gone to Waterville, Conn. Bates College proposes to donate \$5,000 to the Maine Central Institute. The amount of want and destitution in the city far exceeds anything ever experienced before.

The great temperance reform movement in York County continues without any apparent diminution of interest. Hon. Caleb K. Ayer, of Cornish, says more than 400 have recently signed the pledge in Limington.

Hon. John M. Goodwin, of Biddeford, is spoken of as the probable successor of Mr. Justice Cutting as Judge of the Supreme Judicial Court. As a gentleman of high personal character, great legal ability and broad culture he has few superiors in the State.

The history of Kennebec and Wells by the late Judge E. E. Bourne will soon be issued from the press of Bailey & Noyes, Portland. From the well-known character and ability of the author it promises to be a work of great historical interest.

Rev. S. L. Bowles, leader of the Congregational Society at Saccarap, has a call from Machias, his first field of labor.

The Congregational Church at Gray have engaged the services of Rev. Mr. Eastman another year.

Hon. Israel Washburn, Jr., in an able lecture in the Mechanics' Course, Portland, strongly urged compulsory education; but, like a politician, as he is, as strongly demanded that there should be no religious exercises in the public schools that would offend any religious notions there represented. Will the education of Christianity of our nation strengthen and consolidate it? Give us, rather, good, square old Puritan education.

The monthly meetings for the Promotion of Holiness were resumed last Monday afternoon and evening, Feb. 1st, at Pine Street Church, Portland. The meeting throughout was exceedingly interesting and profitable. Consecration and baptism for work was the theme. Rev. D. B. Randall preached a soul-stirring sermon in the evening on "Living Into Christ." The next meeting will be held at Saccarap, in connection with the District Conference, March 1st.

Rev. J. E. Baxter, one of our most devoted and useful local preachers, was buried in Saco Feb. 1st. For more than a year past he has been laboring as city missionary in that city. He was universally beloved, and will be greatly missed in the meetings on Portland District.

Mr. E. Thurston, a member of Chestnut Street Church, and city Councilman, Portland, died suddenly Feb. 3d.

Rev. James McWhinnie was installed pastor of the Free Street Baptist Church, Portland, last Sabbath, and Rev. Mr. Perkins of the Casco Street Free Baptist Church last Thursday, Feb. 4th.

One hundred and fifty-four pupils, from 15 to 30 years old, have received instruction in the Fraternity evening schools during the past year.

Dedication at Rockport.—The new Methodist Episcopal Church here was dedicated on the 15th ult., sermon by Rev. J. O. Knowles, dedicatory service by Rev. L. D. Wardwell. It was dedicated free of debt, and as a free house.

For convenience, beauty and comfort it is not excelled by any church in Eastern Maine. It is very prettily frescoed, neatly carpeted, and pews all nicely upholstered. The furniture is simple and tasty. A nice chandelier, the gift of H. B. Eaton, M. D., adds much to the beauty. The vestries are well arranged and convenient. Better than all else, God is with His people, and they are expecting large additions.

much credit is due Rev. C. E. Knowlton, who has zealously and successfully pushed forward this work. Credit is also due David Talbot, esq., for the substantial aid he gave the work, giving freely of his labor and time. With few exceptions the Society have borne their burdens cheerfully. Some shirks here, as may be found in other societies.

Brother Knowlton is temporarily confined to his house. Rockport, under his labors, has come to be one of our most desirable appointments.

A thank offering of about \$100 was made to Brother K. by his friends.

Rhode Island.—It may be a satisfaction to the former pastor and members of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Portsmouth to learn that the ladies of the Church and Society have succeeded in purchasing a parsonage on Main Street near the church. It is a cottage house, and will suit very nicely for the use of the pastor. This is the first step in the right direction, and reflects credit upon the Church and Society. In addition to this the Lord has given us a few souls, for which we render Him devout thanks. J. G. G.

Pascagony.—John B. Swann writes: "Three years ago I was sent by Brother Kirby to be our pastor. Feeling that our church needed to be repaired, in union with our people he commenced efforts which soon resulted, not only in fitting up the house, but freeing it from debt. Then our pastor turned his full attention to the spiritual interest of the people, and God greatly blessed his labors. The congregation were re-claimed. His faithful labors through the second year resulted in scores coming to the altar, the whole Church quickened, and many saved brought to Jesus. During the third year, in view of our great need of a vestry for our Sabbath-school and social meetings, with the same untiring energy ever characteristic of our pastor, he took hold of this enterprise, and his labors have been crowned with glorious success, and that we now not only have a good vestry, but more alterations have been made in the audience-room, and also a good furnace has been provided. But best of all, we have it free from debt. To God be all the praise."

South Manchester, January 22:—"The revival at South Manchester is still going on, and the sixth week of the meeting closes with unabated interest. About sixty have professed conversion. On the 19th the people gave the pastor a donation visit, leaving himself and family richer by about \$170 (\$130 cash), and the assurance of the personal interest and favor of the large company present, for which they feel deeply grateful." WALTER ELA.

New Hampshire.—Gleanings.—Rev. G. L. Demorest has resigned the pastorate of the Universalist Church, Manchester.

Rev. W. B. Worthing, who has been preaching for the Methodists at Hinsdale, has resigned his charge and left the place.

John N. Lowell of the Andover Theological Seminary, lately licensed, is to supply

the Congregational Church in Milton for one year.

Union religious services are being held in Newport under the direction of Rev. Mr. Whittier, evangelist, and the results thus far are very encouraging.

The fine new Baptist church at Milford was dedicated on the 21st ult. Its total cost was about \$25,000. Rev. Dr. Lorimer of Boston, preached the sermon.

Rev. J. H. Brown, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Franklin, suffering from sciatic rheumatism, has not preached for a number of Sabbaths. We trust he is laid aside from work only temporarily.

The labors of Rev. C. J. Fowler in Manchester have been very successful. Some 400 have sought the Saviour. About one fourth of this number are connected with the congregation of St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church.

The numerous friends of Rev. T. L. Flood will be glad to learn of his improved health. After a rest of nearly two months in Southern Pennsylvania, he finds himself much better, though his cough is not entirely gone. He has returned to Concord, and will resume his work at once. He will follow the mandate of his physician, and preach but seldom for the present. His family will remain in Pennsylvania until Conference.

The Methodist church of Lebanon, re-modelled last summer, was narrowly and providentially saved from burning recently. The congregation feel very thankful for its escape.

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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

First Quarter.

Sunday, February 21.

Lesson VII. Joshua xiv. 9-15.

BY REV. D. C. KNOWLES.

CALEB'S INHERITANCE.

6 Then the children of Judah came unto Joshua in Gilgal: and Caleb the son of Jephunneh the Kenzite said unto him, Thou knowest the thing that the Lord said unto Moses the man of God concerning me and thee in Kadesh-barnea.

7 Forty years old was I when Moses the servant of the Lord sent me from Kadesh-barnea to spy out the land; and I brought him word again as it was in mine heart.

8 Nevertheless my brethren that went up with me have made the heart of the people melt: but I wholly followed the Lord my God.

9 And Moses swore on that day, saying, Surely the land whereon thy feet have trodden shall be thine inheritance, and thy children's for ever, because thou hast wholly followed the Lord my God.

10 And now, behold, the Lord hath kept me alive, as he said, these forty and five years, even since the Lord spake this word unto Moses, while the children of Israel wandered in the wilderness: and now, lo, I am this day fourscore and five years old.

11 As yet I am as strong this day as I was in the day that Moses sent me: as my strength was then, even so is my strength now, for war, both to go out, and to come in.

12 Now therefore give me this mountain, whereof the Lord spake in that day; for thou hast heard in that day how the Anakim were there, and that the cities were great and fenced: if so be the Lord will be with me, then I shall be able to drive them out, as the Lord said.

13 And Joshua blessed him, and gave unto Caleb the son of Jephunneh Hebron for an inheritance.

14 Hebron therefore became the inheritance of Caleb the son of Jephunneh the Kenzite unto this day, because that he wholly followed the Lord God of Israel.

15 And the name of Hebron before was Kirjath-arba, which Arba was a great man among the Anakims. And the land had rest from war.

Many years intervened between the events of the last lesson and those recorded in this. Bloody battles had been fought, many cities captured and provinces reduced to submission. Joshua had grown old with years and the cares of office and conquest. Upward of one hundred winters of wasting toil had exhausted his vitality, when God gave him rest from the labors of the field. From this time to his death his duties were those of peaceful arbitration.

Our present lesson is occupied with a conference between two old men. Forty-five years before they had been boon companions in a hazardous enterprise. They had stood shoulder to shoulder as spies in an enemy's country, and had braved the wrath of Israel on their return in reporting that they were able to overcome the giants that dwelt in the walled cities of Canaan. Now they meet, the only adult survivors of that time, to talk over the personal rewards of their fidelity. Two heroes stand before us to-day, Joshua and Caleb, bearing the bronze of almost an hundred summers. Surely, such a conference cannot fail to be interesting.

Then the children of Judah came. Doubtless the chief men of the tribe alone are meant. But what had they to do with Caleb? In apportioning Canaan among the several tribes, each tribe had a commissioner to see justice done. Caleb represented Judah. Numbers xxiv. 19. God had promised him his inheritance already, and it is natural that his tribe should desire their portion in proximity to his, especially since that region was exceedingly fruitful and inviting. These men came with Caleb, therefore, to look after their own interests, as well as to second the demand of their chief. They were successful in their purpose, for their lot located them in southern Palestine, embracing the promised inheritance of Caleb.

In Gilgal—the official home of Joshua at this time. Subsequently the ark was removed to Shiloh, and Joshua retired to his own possessions, on the rugged heights of Mount Ephraim.

And Caleb the son of Jephunneh. It has been ingeniously argued, by some later Bible critics, that Caleb was not a Jew, but a proselyte descended from the Edomites. The chief reason assigned for this opinion is, because he was a "Kenezite," and "wholly followed Jehovah, God of Israel." In Gen. xxvii. 15, Kenez is mentioned as a descendant of Esau, but there may have been persons of the same name in Israel. We doubt not that Caleb was a Jew, of the tribe of Judah, and a member of one of its chiefest families. His spirit and loyalty indicate good parentage, and his official honors show him to have possessed family influence in his tribe. He is first mentioned as a ruler, selected to represent his tribe as a spy in the examination of the promised land. His faith in God, and manliness on this occasion, gave rise to his subsequent honors.

Thou knowest the thing that the Lord said. We have no definite statement of this command of God to Moses before this. It is, however, covered in the general promise, made at the time the Israelites murmured and were condemned to die in the wilderness, that the seed of Caleb should possess the land, Num. xiv. 24. Joshua was well aware of the pledge, and only too glad to be reminded of it by Caleb.

Forty years old was I. Thirty-eight years Israel wandered in the wilderness, and seven years had elapsed since the conquest began, so that Caleb was eighty-five years old.

Kadesh-barnea. Its location is an unsettled question. It is somewhere near the southern border of Palestine. It was a fated place for Israel. Here their insubordination reached the height of madness, and made the desert their sepulchre, Num. xiv. 33.

As it was in mine heart. The twelve spies stated the same facts, but drew

different conclusions from them. The reason for this difference is to be attributed to the heart. Caleb's advice to go up and possess the land was the product of his heart-life. It was born of faith. The ten spies were guided by worldly prudence; Caleb and Joshua by divine wisdom. The same distinctions exist to-day. Those who trust God are better counsellors than those who trust Him not. The head will surely go astray without the impulses of a good heart. Out of the heart is the first condition of a sanctified judgment. If Caleb's heart had been wrong he never would have crossed Jordan, for in that event his advice would have coincided with that of the ten who fell in the wilderness.

My brethren that went up with me. Of course Joshua is not included in this statement. In verse six Caleb reminds Joshua that he was a child of promise as well as himself.

But I wholly followed—a natural consequence of a right heart. Disobedience comes from the heart more than the intellect. Salvation depends more on the affections than the opinions. It is a blessed thing to have both right, indeed it is essential to the highest perfection, but perfect love will cast out fear quicker than perfect ideas. Caleb's apparent egotism and self-righteousness are quite excusable, since God had declared the same thing. It is not inconsistent with humility to affirm God's expressed opinions of our conduct.

The land whereon thy feet have trodden. This was the Lord's oath, but attributed to Moses because it came through him. Not all the land was pledged to Caleb, that he had trodden upon, but a portion of it. He seems to have selected his part as a right. Evidently he had sweet recollections of the grapes that grew in the vicinity of Hebron, specimens of which the spies carried to Moses. The valley of Eschol is generally conceded to have been near the chosen inheritance of Caleb. Some of the finest grapes in the world grow there to-day. Clusters of immense size and weight abound in the valley in their season. We would not, however, attribute his choice wholly to his fondness of grapes, but assign more heroic reasons, to be stated presently.

The Lord hath kept me alive. Caleb piously recognizes God's providence in his preservation. All over twenty, who migrated from Egypt, had died in the wilderness, of plagues, the casualties of war, or by natural decline, except Caleb and Joshua. They were monuments of His saving mercy. Caleb devoutly acknowledges it.

Wandered in the wilderness. It is not probable that they were moving all the time. Possibly months or years were passed in one locality. They itinerated, in the same sense as Methodist preachers, Jehovah being the appointing power.

As yet I am as strong this day—a well preserved old man, because he had followed the Lord fully. Health and vigor are the flower and fruitage of faith and obedience, Proverbs xii. 2. Faith in God removes wasting anxiety, and obedience keeps the poison of vice and bad habits out of the blood. Christianity sanctifies both soul and body. The Gospel of good health, as well as good morals, will yet be preached from the pulpit, as a legitimate result of Christ's teachings. Caleb's life was doubtless preserved by God's special providence, but this vigor in old age we attribute more to his own holy living than to any supernatural vitality imparted. The same was true of Moses, Deut. xxxiv. 7.

Now therefore give me this mountain. Caleb covets an inheritance not yet fully subdued. A royal hero was he, eighty-five years of age, yet craving the privilege of another fight with God's enemies—and these, too, the very Anakim that had so terrified the ten spies and the cowardly Israelites. Caleb seems inspired with heroic ardor at the thought of subduing those cities that had been reported as walled to the heavens, and those giants beside whom forty-five years before they seemed as grasshoppers. He did not fear them then, and he desired to prove that his heart had not been changed. He felt abundantly able to go up and possess the land that God had promised him. Evidently Caleb was not a backslider.

If so be the Lord will be with me. He speaks of his own unabated strength for war, yet does not trust in it. God is his only hope.

And Joshua blessed him—wished him success in his enterprise, and invoked divine assistance.

Hebron therefore became the inheritance of Caleb. Hebron is eighteen miles south of Jerusalem, one of the oldest cities of the world. It is six hundred feet higher than Jerusalem. Here were the bones of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. Here was the old home-stand of the nation. It was partly in the hands of their enemies, some of the Anakim having returned after their first overthrow, and Caleb longed to seize and hold the sacred spot from their polluting tread. No one of the whole body could present such a claim to the place as he, and Joshua doubtless granted his request as a right that none could dispute. He received it as a reward of fidelity. He was not faithful for the reward; he did not serve God for Hebron, but gladly took the reward for faithful service. He who thus followed God fully received the patriarchal homestead, suggesting the hope that he who does the same to-day will surely be rewarded with a portion of the homestead in heaven.

Kirjath-arba. The City of Arba, so called from a giant, Arba by name,

who was the father of the Anak, Josh. xv. 13.

And the land had rest from war—that is, a brief rest. The conflict began again as soon as the land was allotted to the several tribes. Each tribe subsequently subjugated the enemies that remained in its own possessions.

ZION'S HERALD QUESTIONS.

From the Notes.

Berean Lesson Series, February 21.

- 1 What took place between the last lesson and this?
- 2 What was Caleb's official position in his tribe?
- 3 Why did the chief men come with him to Joshua?
- 4 Where did this conference take place?
- 5 Who was Caleb?
- 6 What had God promised him?
- 7 Why?
- 8 Did he follow the Lord for this reward?
- 9 Why did he follow the Lord fully?
- 10 What is it to follow the Lord fully?
- 11 Was it wrong for him to say that he did?
- 12 How old was he at this time?
- 13 Why does he say "the oath of Moses?"
- 14 Did God promise all the land on which he had trodden?
- 15 What grew near his inheritance?
- 16 Who preserved Caleb's life?
- 17 How was his strength preserved?
- 18 How should Christianity affect the health?
- 19 For what did Caleb ask?
- 20 Why?
- 21 Did he expect to take it himself?
- 22 How did Joshua treat his request?
- 23 How will God reward the faithful?
- 24 What does "rest from war" mean?

The Family.

SADNESS.

BY MARIA J. BISHOP.

You ask us not to strike a mournful measure; You say that joy is far an easier strain. True, if the heart's deep be filled with pleasure,

How shall it speak of it as filled with pain? Go, listen to the crowd, in halls of pleasure; Go, watch the throng that crowd the ball-room floor;

There comes no thought of pain, no mournful measure; Their thought is like the wave along the shore, Sun beams and thistle down, each new passion;

Who gains the prize, and whose the fairest form? Who climbs life's highest round, what is the fashion? Leaving to misanthropes and fools life's storm.

And yet, that very storm's sad, mournful story, Truer than nature, beautiful as art, Touched by a loving hand, sweeping in glory,

Wakes all the feeling in the poet's heart. Look through the world for pure and lofty feeling; Search the wide earth for hearts both deep and kind,

The ready smile or tear the soul revealing; 'Twas life's stern lessons made that radiant mind.

BETTY ALLEN, AND HER SATEL-LITES.

BY REV. JOHN LIVERSEY.

(Concluded.)

Rev. T. Eastwood, who was on good terms with the good things of life, was once at dinner upon an excellent piece of beef graced the board. Not seeing its appropriate condiment he called the servant by name, saying, with an air and accent not quite according with a guest of one who would admit of no interference with her own authority,

"be so good as to bring the mustard."

"Let me sawr must mind her work," said Betty; "ye hev nowt to dea wit her; beef without mustard is better than mustard without beef."

Though most people would have much preferred even the latter to such a scorcher, Brother E. did not suffer it to spoil his appetite. Her rebuff lay quietly where it fell, the meal ended without further mishap, and the guest learned not to assume what did not belong to him.

Her benefactions, which were very liberal, protected her against any charge of niggardliness. Persons in want usually found their way either to the store or to the house.

"We've had some folk here begging for one John Harrison," said she to Mr. S. of Sunderland.

"Who is he?" inquired the latter.

"Who is he?" she returned. "Why, a man belonging to Sunderland, very badly off."

"I have no knowledge of him," said Mr. S.

"Ay," replied Betty, quickly and sharply, "we may soon see what ye are. If ye had been in the habit of giving anything it would not have been long before they had found you out."

Mr. S. was not quite prepared for such a comment on his want of information, and was taken more with her honesty and earnestness than with her imputation.

The benefactions of this benevolent family, in the shape of hospitality, to the various funds of the Wesleyan connexion, to other benevolent and humane and Christian institutions (public and private), amounted to many thousands of pounds. They adopted the Christian plan of doing good while they lived, and with pure intentions they distributed their bounty. Free

from selfishness, they had a good deal of the thoughtful economy of the Quaker Penn, who considered frugality good only as it was combined with liberality—the one throwing aside the superfluities to enable the other to scatter his blessings into the lap of want.

In the Allens they went hand in hand; they got, that they might give, and gave what Providence had given. The measure of their gifts was much affected by their rigid economy, and simplicity of style and manners. Their dress was inexpensive, but becoming, according well with the spirit and notions of the times. Betty's dress resembled that of the Quakers, both as to cut and color and quality. She knew nothing, and cared as little, of spring, summer, autumn or winter fashions. Hers were those of the century, divided into four quarters. She had a pair of "Sunday shoes," in which she regularly walked to chapel, respecting which she said to a friend, when slipping them on, "see, I have worn these shoes fourteen years;" and they looked as if they were good for a like term of similar service.

Betty deplored her want of education. Her experience in the shop, and (since her conversion) her inability to read the Scriptures had deeply impressed her with the importance of acquaintance with the elements of an English education at least. This led her to promote it the more in others, by supporting, at no small expense, a school for boys and another for girls, besides liberally helping numerous Sunday-schools, in which, in those days, reading, writing, and even arithmetic were usually taught. The rest of the family had acquired sufficient learning to transact their business safely, and to creditably discharge their duties as officers of the Church and of the Sabbath-schools, in which they were active and honored laborers. Though not possessed of literary tastes, a few good books were on their shelves, and were well and profitably used. But the Bible and hymn book were their daily companions. But no one could sit under the ministry of such men as James Wood, John Hampson, jr. (author of a Life of Wesley, and some other creditable productions), Robert Johnson, Thomas Warrick, Joseph Cooke, Wm. Bramwell, J. C. Leppington, Wm. Atherton, Theophilus Lessey, George Marsden, J. Waterhouse, D. McNicol, Samuel Warren, besides others distinguished, who successively ministered in holy things on their Circuit, and mingled constantly with them in the domestic circle, freely scattering their gathered stores of varied knowledge, without mental and spiritual enlargement and growth. And such was the privilege of this family, in the enjoyment of which they did not fail to acquire much that had cost their instructors much time and great pains to gather.

One literary treasure, however, was possessed by the family, of which an amusing incident is related. Mr. Bramwell was spending a few days with them, at the same time that a professional gentleman, who was in the neighborhood on business, was domiciled as an old friend with the Allens. That they might be instructed during their leisure moments, Betty took up a heavy parcel, which lay neatly folded on the table, and, taking off the outside cover, a second appeared, of fine fannel, fold upon fold, when Dr. Coke's "Commentary" turned out—a disclosure made only on special occasions, and for the privileged few. Even this, though ignorant of letters, showed her deep reverence for sacred things.

"Read that," said she, "and you will get some good out of it." There were no waste moments with Betty, and she would have those around her "redeem the time." And in producing the work she was, in her estimation, conferring upon them, in connection with their ability to read, an inestimable blessing.

For more than forty years this excellent family, undivided by death, continued its varied influence within and upon the Church. Their pecuniary contributions in its behalf, though far from inconsiderable, as has before been stated, were perhaps the least important of the methods in which they contributed to its establishment and prosperity in the section where they resided. Their blameless lives, their upright dealings, their practical sympathy and noble generosity to the poor and suffering, their lowliness of spirit, unaffected by prosperity, their unfeigned and transparent piety, their unwavering fidelity to all Church obligations—all reflected honor upon the religion they openly professed and steadily maintained, and imparted authority and effectiveness to all their appeals and counsels addressed to men for their salvation. The brothers, who were one in their plans and labors for the good of others, were beloved by old and young. Betty, less attractive to the juveniles, was, notwithstanding the less pleasing features of her character, thoroughly esteemed and trusted by those who knew her best; and her folios and eccentricities failed to shake their confidence in her sincere and hearty piety, and thorough goodness of purpose.

William, always the least rugged of the three, was the first to succumb to the encroachments of the destroyer. For several years he was a great sufferer, and as the end approached he settled all his temporal affairs, examined closely the ground of his faith and hope, and calmly committing his soul to Christ closed his eyes in death, saying, "I feel firm footing on the Rock of Ages; Jesus is precious to me." Thus closed his pilgrimage of seventy-three years.

Charles survived his brother about

nine years, and in 1832, at the age of 80, closed his guileless, useful life, during upwards of half a century of which he had sustained the office of class-leader. "His death was an evening sunset in a serene sky, over the bosom of a lake without a ripple."

Betty Allen was the last of the family to quit the sublunary scenes of toil and conquest for the eternal rewards and rest of heaven. It devolved on her to help her beloved kindred down into

"the stream, and then to tarry for a brief space, watching and waiting for her own summons—waiting, not actively (it was not in Betty's nature to do this), but as a faithful stewardess, using her Lord's money in furthering the interests of the Church and of humanity; and by her earnest words and her mellowed spirit encouraging and stimulating the disciples to fidelity, and the irreligious to amendment of life. She sank at last into comparative dotage, but retained her peace, and finally "slept in Jesus," leaving behind her many noble monuments of her self-denying generosity and love for the Church. Her name will long be associated in the traditions of Methodism, with the old but useful characters which it has pushed forth into prominence and notoriety—while she, with her husband and his brother, will leave honorable mention among the earnest and devoted pioneers whose grit and persistence and gifts and piety laid the broad foundations of Wesleyan institutions in their native country. One of her own experiences, uttered near the close of her life, shows the spirit which had animated and guided her life: "Ay, bairn, God and His people, and the preachers, are the only persons I've desired to hev communion with ever sin' aw was converted."

INTERCOURSE WITH HEAVEN.

One thought above another thought upowers, In the ascending scale of excellence; Like eagle upon eagle, on a bill uprisings, forms a stairway to the skies; And on the steps of thought, that upward rise

From the dark ruins of the world of sin, Our souls run out and vanish into heaven—Vanish by faith, which on the verge doth dwell

Of his high thoughts, the noblest and the best. Oh, blessed heaven! abode of souls arisen, Unnumbered and freed from all oppression, Freed from the bankruptcy of life, and all Debts paid by the Immanuel, Where sorrow terminates, and the dark stains

Of sin fade out, as darkness fades before The wondrous alchemy of light, and all Emerges into happiness.

F. C. IRVING.

East Boston, Jan. 23, 1874.

GRANDMA REYNOLDS' LETTERS.

BUSHTOWN, Nov. 28.

DEAR ELIZABETH:—I had a touch of rheumatism after I wrote to you, and was not able to go to town to see your Aunt Maria until yesterday. Even then it was hard work to get started, for when I asked your grandfather to let me have the horse he said "no!" as short as pie crust.

"I know just what you're up to," says he; "it's that pesky Kansas business. If you could let it alone it would work itself out all right. Strange how women like to meddle with what don't concern 'em!"

I did not answer him, for I felt as if I should have great enlargement of speech if I once opened my mouth. But I must say that I looked at him strongly. In about an hour he came hurrying in from the back yard, calling me, at the top of his voice.

"Keziah! there's two of them pigs dead, and the rest won't eat. What can be done? I can't lose all those fat critters just as they are ready to kill, and pork bringing twenty cents a pound."

"Father," said I, solemnly, "it is a judgment, in my opinion."

"Oh, sho! Don't talk like a fool," he said.

"Do you remember," I asked, "how Deacon Lane's pigs died in 1860? and his best cow too? There was a famine in Kansas then, and he wouldn't give a cent to help. The Bible says, 'there is that withholdeth more than is meet, and it tendeth to poverty!' Folks get their pay for stinginess. You just go on a spell, and see what you make of it!"

The old man actually turned pale. "Keziah," said he, slowly, "I guess I can manage to spare the horse, if you're set on going to town. What time shall I tackle up?"

Well, I did chuckle some over the fright I had given him. Every one who met me on the road must have thought I had an uncommonly cheerful face, for if I laughed once I did twenty times. I hoped that another pig would die while I was gone. Tribulation softens the heart, I reflected.

It was ten o'clock when I reached your Aunt Maria's. I didn't expect much of her. She is full of hypo, and therefore intensely selfish. As soon as she learned my errand her nerves would not let her listen to any details. She took herself out of the room, and, like Apollon in Bunyan's dream, I saw her no more. She is not a bit like your mother. Nobody would take them for sisters. But then, your mother married my Daniel, which was the making of her.

Your cousins were in the back parlor. One was crocheting a blue and white flagee thing to tie over her hat in cold weather, so I suppose that fashion will not harrow up our feelings this winter by seeing delicate girls out in the biting winds, nearly bareheaded. There won't be so much neuralgia and diphtheria, and that other horrible disease—cerebro—something.

Kitie (what a silly name for a

grown woman) was putting a wide worked ruffle on the edge of a square piece of linen, which she very appropriately called a "sham." They looked mighty stylish in their fine morning gowns. But outside show does not scare me, and I brought out my business without any polite beating about the bush.

"Why, Mrs. Reynolds!" said Martha Jane; "I hope you don't expect us to do anything for people at the ends of the earth. We are poor ourselves." (Martha Jane is a large, fat woman, thirty years old, and they call her "Pat.")

"I was saying, just before you came in, Mrs. Reynolds," chimed in Kitie, "that I did not see how we were to dress decently this winter. We have just got our outside wraps, and we had them made of fine material, trimmed heavily with jet. And now they say that the coarsest stuffs are to be worn. Such unexpected changes are so trying. We have just got to buy new. So you can judge how much money we shall have for charity."

"Send your cousins the discarded wraps," I suggested. "If they are all furbelows they would be better than no clothes at all."

"No, indeed. They will keep, and make over into something. It is not certain that jet will go out. We can tell, in a day or two, when our fashion book comes."

"So you won't give your poor cousins anything?"

"We can't," said Martha Jane. "Society in those out of the way places demands so little that, I dare say, our cousins are as well off as we are."

"Better off a thousand fold," I responded warmly. "Your life is empty, like that 'sham,' and it has no promise of the life to come. Honest, clean pillow cases are the best, in the long run."

I was so stirred up when I left them that I did not feel like going anywhere else. But little Mary Oaks saw me, as I passed her school-house, and came out to speak to me. It was recess time.

I wrote to your father about her parents, who died of fever last Spring. She is quite alone in the world, as to relations, but she will never want for friends. She noticed that I was in trouble, and she soon got the particulars out of me.

"Now, don't be discouraged, she said, cheerily. 'I cannot help much, but I will do what I can. Besides,' she said, blushing like a rose, 'I know some one who will be glad to give you something. I will go up to see our minister's wife to-night, and get her to bring the matter before the Ladies' Circle, and then you'll see what will be done.'

"The Lord bless you, my child," I said. "You are better than medicine."

It was time to call in her scholars, so I drove on, wonderfully refreshed up by my call. Just down the street I came upon young Lawyer Elwood. Your cousin Kitie has had her cap set for him as much as ten years. He gave me ten dollars, and then I told him about my call at the school-house. When I praised up Mary Oaks he colored like a girl, and said, "thank you; she will be my wife in the Spring, when her parents will have been dead a year."

I reached out of the wagon and shook hands with him. "A good wife is from the Lord," I quoted heartily.

Just then I saw Deacon Lane passing by. Any body would know he was a skin-flint, to look at him. He is a tall, lank man, with a thin, sharp face and a whining voice. Just as he came up a man on the other side of the street hailed him. He had a basket of pamphlets on his arm.

"Here, Deacon," he said, "I have the history of our town to sell. You want one, of course. It contains an account of our two hundredth anniversary."

"How much are they?"

"Fifteen cents." (The Deacon is taxed for \$30,000, and everybody believes he is worth much more.)

"No," he said; "I can't afford to buy one. There's something along about every day to get our money. Money is pretty scarce with me. I shall have to cut down my charities, preaching and such," he explained.

"Do you call it charity to pay your minister?" asked the man.

"Well, it amounts to the same thing. The money goes, any way."

Of course I did not stay to ask him to help you. I whipped the old horse, and drove off as fast as I could. When I got home your grandfather met me at the door.

"Keziah," said he, meekly, "there's another pig dead. Here's a dollar for Dan'el. Tell him to make it go as far as he can."

Your affectionate grandma,

H. REYNOLDS.

"BOAST NOT THYSELF."

BY MRS. M. L. RAYNE.

There are a great many good people in this world who, in turning their faces to the hill of Zion, imagine they have forever turned their backs on sin and weakness, and they shout halloo! and clap their glad wings, when in reality they have no wings as yet to clap; and they sometimes come down into the dust of their own discomfort in a very humble state of mind.

I remember a pleasant illustration of this, in the case of a friend, a most excellent woman, whose whole service-life was to Christ and His work, and whose name is extensively known, East and West. I refer to Mrs. Jennie F. Willing, President of the Women's Board of Foreign Missions in Illinois. She had been spending the day with the writer of this, and was accompanied by

several ladies, all of whom were attending the Rock River Conference. As the long afternoon wore away in a delightful interchange of religious expression and social converse, the western sky was darkened by the approach of a heavy thunder storm, and the air assumed the portentous and oppressive silence that betokens a fearful warring of the elements. We unconsciously drew nearer to each other, and fell into a silence which, in a few moments was broken by the clear sweet voice of Jennie Willing, singing,

"Nearer, my God, to Thee."

This was followed by others, in which we all joined; then, noticing that the air was becoming chill, I ordered a fire made in the tall close stove in our room.

Meanwhile we discussed the dangers and terrors of the thunder storms, and Mrs. Willing declared that, aside from a natural solemnity, she had no longer any dread of such a visitant. "I used to be very much alarmed at the approach of one of our severe Western storms, but now that is past. I have realized," she added sweetly, "that 'perfect love casteth out fear.' At this moment a volume of blue flame and a fearful jet of smoke shot into the room, with a loud report, and the next moment a frantic mass of struggling womanhood was outside of the door, safe and unharmed, but terribly frightened; and half-way down the staircase in front of us, appeared the pale face of sister Willing, who was that far on her way to the further door. We finally gained courage enough to go back, and discovered that the box had left the door of the stove ajar, and the gas had accumulated and burst it open, as often happens. We sat down meekly and looked at each other.

"Well," said Mrs. G., with a long breath, "who has a text to fit that?"

"I think I have one, by changing a personal pronoun: 'let her that thinketh she standeth, take heed lest she fall.' And sister Willing 'led in a prayer that was rich with the humility of acknowledged weakness.'

We have none of us met since that afternoon, in late September, ten years ago. One of our number has "gone home;" and those who are left find that it is only by constant watching and prayer that we can keep a hold upon eternal life. Ourselves are our worst enemies. "The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak."

THEY DIDN'T THINK.

FOR A LITTLE CHILD.

Once a trap was baited With a piece of cheese

The Farm and Garden.

[We call from the February number of the *American Agriculturist* the following HINTS ABOUT WORK.]

This excellent publication is remarkably rich, not only in the matter of its letter press, but also in the richness and chasteness of its floral, domestic and architectural illustrations.

While the northern farmer carefully husbans his resources to support his stock during the long winter, his fields either covered with snow or bound by frost, the southern farmer is already preparing for his crops.

Early in April planting must commence, and there is but little time now to spare. Contract for help at once; the best are always early taken, and the last who hires gets the refuse.

Manure is a chief consideration everywhere. To prepare it for use is equally important with gathering it. Where there is little frost, make composts of muck or woods earth with lime, without delay. It is a very useful fertilizer for corn, grass, or cotton. Stable manure, composted with it, makes it much more valuable. Where the winter is still severe, the manure pile should be turned over at least once, and twice turning will pay, and the manure will decay more rapidly, and it is of little use until it is decomposed and plant-food developed. What is hauled to the field should be spread as rapidly as possible—the more evenly the better.

Buildings and Fences.—February for out-door painting and repairing is best. No flies or dust, and slow drying of the paint, offset cold fingers.

The Workshop.—Abundance of work may be found in repairing baskets, boxes, crates, bags, tools, and implements, and for making new ones for use in the coming season. Every little thing made at home prevents outlay of money. In the workshop a farmer's boy, when not at school, will find recreation and occupation that will develop whatever talent he has, and make him "stick to the farm."

Farmers' Clubs are of great service. Discuss at this time experiments with artificial manures, feeding stuffs, new seeds, and the work of the next summer. Read such works as Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, and Mill's or Carey's *Political Economy*, a knowledge of which is necessary for every business man. A better knowledge of these subjects would be valuable to clubs and granges.

Horses need extra care, as the damp, changeable spring weather approaches. Increase the feed gradually, and closely attend to their health. The majority of the ailments of a horse are due to a neglect of some simple needs, exposure to damp, cold, and foul air. Sound, nutritious food, in moderation, and at proper periods, pure water and pure air, will keep a horse in health and good working condition. Colts need special care now, with kind, friendly management.

Cows coming in should be kept quiet, and fed moderately. If the calf is taken away as soon as dropped, out of sight and hearing, and kept there, it will avoid much uneasiness with nervous cows, and often prevent withholding the milk, and consequent garget. Obsolete cases of garget may often be cured by injecting a strong solution of bi-carbonate of soda into the teats with a syringe, and milking it out, repeating this several times a day, and bathing the udder with cold water, with a little tincture of arnica in it. If garget is feared, give a pound of Epsom salts at once as a preventive, and milk the teats frequently.

Maple Sugar.—This important crop amounts to several million dollars annually. The general quality of the sugar, however, is poor, because not made with cleanliness or care; and tapping the trees with an axe injures them. They should be bored with an auger, not over one inch in diameter for wooden spouts; but the best spout is a metal one needing only a half-inch hole, with a hook attached to hang the pail upon, made by C. Post, Burlington, Vt. When the sap is gathered free from impurities, and boiled carefully, the value of the sugar is doubled.

RELIGIOUS ITEMS.

At near the close of his term, the Mormon Bishop Cannon is ejected from the House of Representatives. Better late than never.

Rev. James Pasco, Methodist missionary in Mexico, reports 75 recent baptisms, and converts from Romanism and many others seeking the truth.

The *Jewish Times* is disturbed at the possibility that Jewish preachers shall exchange with Christian ministers, and that Jews shall come to have Christian theologians, or at least Aryan Unitarians, as teachers of religion.

These texts are suggested for three Boston ministers, lately resigned: Dr. Robbins, "I have married a wife, and cannot come;" Mr. Murray, "I have bought five yoke of oxen, and must needs go to prove them;" and Dr. Miner, "no man can serve two masters."

The *Churchman* says the Reformed Episcopal Church is "an attempt to perpetuate an Apostolical Succession in the interest of the denial of orders—a practical absurdity." Rather fatal logic this.

Ten thousand pounds are to be raised towards the expenses of the mission of Messrs. Moody and Sankey to London, and the Agricultural Hall has been secured for March. The three succeeding months they are to labor in other parts of the capital.

Mr. Herriek, of the American Board in Northern Mexico, reports a rapid increase in the Church at Montemorelos. At Galeana, where the Roman Catholic Bishop spent sixteen days "in special effort to nip the Protestant work in the bud," Mr. H. found all the members firm, not one having gone back.

The Baptists have just sent 18 foreign missionaries abroad, making in Asiatic missions 132 American missionaries.

Large companies of Jews are going to Palestine, many of them wealthy, and they are building a new suburb to Jerusalem, outside the gate, on the Jaffa road.

No month passes over the Swedish Mission of the Bethel ship in Brooklyn, or the Norwegian missions of Brooklyn City, and of the Newark Conference, without additions to the several churches in their respective Churches.

A Massachusetts lady has given \$1000 to the Sunday-school of her Church as a fund for replenishing its library, stipulating that the books, when sufficiently read by the school, should be sent to some needy schools at the West. A good idea.

"Herbert," said a perplexed mother to her five-year-old boy, "why is it that you're not a better boy?" "Well," said the little fellow, soberly, "I suppose the real reason is that I don't want to be!" Here it is about us all.

The Methodists made their first attempt at holding preaching services in Salt Lake City, Utah, in May, 1870. They have now three large societies in that place, one of which has the finest Church building in the Territory, excepting the Mormon Temple, with a membership of 112, and a Sunday-school of 250. They have also in the city a seminary attended by 200 students.

It is said 600 Roman Catholics of Burlington have united to pray for the suppression of intemperance. Good.

Bishop Cummins preached recently in the First Presbyterian Church, Birmingham. No services were held in two Presbyterian, Congregational and Baptist churches, and consequently the congregation was large.

John Bright made a fine speech to 15,000 hearers at Birmingham, several days since. He eulogized Gladstone, and condemned the union between Church and State.

A union communion service has been held in Buffalo—Baptists, Methodists and Presbyterians joining in it.

Addresses were recently delivered in Philadelphia by Wong Chin Hoo, a Chinese mandarin, and Kavashi Marvathi Shroff, a Hindoo Parsee, in defense of their respective religions. The Chinaman expressed the hope that able exponents of the Confucian system than himself would come over to this country to convert the people. The Parsee declared that Christianity had made no impression upon the cultivated classes of India.

Obituaries.

Rev. JOHN H. GRIFFIN was born Feb. 26, 1816, and died Dec. 25, 1874, aged 58 years and 10 months.

The subject of this memoir was born in Danville, N. H., and was the son of David and Sarah Griffin. He was one of twelve children, six of whom are now living. Two of his brothers are Rev. Daniel J. Griffin, of the Providence Conference, and Rev. Charles W. Griffin, of Vermont (Free Baptist). His father passed away from earth to his reward nearly thirty-five years ago, while his aged mother still lingers on the shores of time.

Brother G. was converted at a camp-meeting in Rochester, N. H., in 1837, and ever after felt it was his duty to tell perishing sinners of Christ. Soon after his conversion he was licensed to exhort, for several years serving in this capacity. In May, 1846, he was married to Miss M. L. Davis, at Manchester, N. H., and for several years was employed by the American Tract Society as a colporteur, ever proving himself faithful.

In '53, he was licensed to preach; in the Fall of '57 he held a series of meetings in Hampstead, which resulted in the greatest revival ever known in that section; in '59 he was stationed at West Egg; in '60 and '61 at Sutton, Springfield and Newbury; he was ordained deacon in '61; in '62 he was stationed at Croton; in '63, '64, '65, he was at Cornish; in '64 he was appointed delegate by the U. S. Christian Commission, and stationed at City Point, Va. He labored among the soldiers with all the energy and fervor of his nature, and saw much to encourage him in this labor of love. In '66 he was stationed at Groton and Dorchester; in '67 failing health compelled him to decline an appointment, and he returned to his native town; but regaining his health in a measure, in September he took charge of the Navy Yard Church in Kittery, Me., until the following Spring; in '68, '69, he was stationed at Baldwin, Me., where he witnessed a gracious outpouring of God's power in the conversion of sinners; in August, '69, a severe illness threatened his life, but he was spared to work on for a time, although never fully recovering; in '70 he was ordained elder, and stationed at Naples; in '71 at Newry; and in '72 at Woodstock.

In all the stations he was a willing and untiring worker for the Lord Jesus, and a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. In the Spring of '73 he was compelled to relinquish his chosen work, and returned to his native town, hoping for restored health to again blow the Gospel trumpet; but the Master had ordered it otherwise—his life work was ended. Though suffering much, he never murmured. The Lord Jesus was his support, and a very present help in time of need. Among many expressions, he said, "although He slay me, yet will I trust in Him; I am ripening up for glory fast; I am not afraid to die."

He made all the arrangements for his funeral, with a calmness that only a child of the Most High can exercise, and on Christmas morning peacefully fell asleep in Jesus, to awake where no weariness, care or sorrow is known. By his request the funeral services were conducted by Rev. J. Higgins, of Free-

mont, assisted by Rev. J. A. Lowell, of Danville. The funeral text was of his own selection, from Isa. xxvi, 19.

Mrs. CARME W., wife of Rev. W. E. Dwight, died suddenly at Heath, Mass., Jan. 7, 1875, aged 26 years.

She was converted at the age of 16 years, under the ministry of Rev. J. B. Miles, of Charlestown, who says he "always considered her as one of his most hopeful converts." She was greatly interested for the conversion of her young associates, and upon her marriage carried the same spirit into the fields of her labor. She was instrumental in the conversion of five of her Sunday-school class at North Prescott, and became greatly endeared to the people of Heath. She was a gentle and modest disposition, of pure and earnest life. "She always had a smile for every one." In the delirium of sickness her mind wandered from her loved ones to her Saviour; from earthly interests to heavenly hopes. She sang, at intervals, "I'm Going Home, to Die No More;" "There is Rest for the Weary;" and "Home Over There." She said, "I am going home to dwell at the right hand of God." To the question, "do you love Jesus?" she replied, "to be sure I do!" She was unconsciously at the last.

Thus early called to the better land one who will be greatly missed by her afflicted husband and a large circle of friends, only to welcome them as they too shall follow to the "home over there." GEO. WHITAKER.

The following resolutions were adopted by the Boston Methodist Preachers' Meeting, Jan. 11, 1875.

F. G. MORRIS, Secretary.

Whereas we have learned with sadness of the death of Sister CARME W. DWIGHT, wife of our brother, Rev. Wm. E. Dwight, of the New England Conference, therefore,

Resolved, 1. That we acknowledge with submission to the Quakeress, of most amiable and Christian woman, an affectionate wife, and a devoted and zealous disciple of the Lord Jesus.

2. That we extend to the bereaved family, especially to our brother, our Christian sympathies, and earnestly pray that the bereavement may be salutary to the health of the Church to the good of the entire circle.

ELIZABETH B. CHASE HUTCHINSON was born in Nantucket, Mass., March 14, 1828, and died at Rushford, Minn., Dec. 20, 1874, aged 46 years.

Her father was a sea captain, of great energy and power to command. Her mother was a Quakeress, of most amiable disposition and great force of character, being an unusually neat and orderly housekeeper. The daughter Lizette partook largely of the character of both parents, having a strong will, great perseverance, and exacting order.

At an early age she gave strong religious impressions, and her heart was thirsty for the water of life. For some time this continued, when by accident she fell in with a Christian who knew and felt a present salvation, and was pointed to the Saviour. She soon found blessed personal experience, and peace which was hers until her death. She soon joined the Methodist Church, attending, however, while at home, the Friends' meeting with her mother.

She was married to Asa B. Hutchinson in her eighteenth year, on his return from England. She grew to womanhood before she was married, and her songful power nature had conferred upon her, to please and bless mankind. For some years she traveled extensively with the family before taking part in their concerns. Under her husband's instruction she soon drew the warmest applause from the listening thousands, and she has been engaged in concert work for more than eighteen years, traveling over a large part of the Northern States. The death of their little Nellie was to her and all the family a great sorrow. Her popular song, "Birdie at the Window," was the actual experience of a heart laden with sorrow. But when the good, manly, loving son, and sweet tenor singer, Fred, was taken, it seemed almost unbearable, and in subsequent concert life the agony of both parents has at times been extreme, as they felt the loss of their only child.

Brother and Sister Hutchinson were engaged with the State Temperance Union from the 8th of May, with short vacations, to the time of her death. This was to them peculiar—an untiring field; but all the people will give them the credit of success. The development of Sister H. in public address was wonderful. Her last year of ripening was said to have been a year of truly for the harvest. Her growth in grace was also remarkable, her piety deepening every day. She used to say, "let me die in the harness." Her desire was gratified. On the way to church, stopping for a few moments at the Methodist parsonage, she was suddenly stricken down, and in less than an hour was her loved ones on the other shore.

W. W. SATTERLEE.

Mrs. BETSEY, widow of James Robinson, and daughter of the late Stephen Scribner, esq., was born in Mt. Vernon, Me., Dec. 6, 1785, and died upon the same farm on which she was born and had always lived, March 30, 1874.

Born and reared when this part of the State was comparatively new, privileges limited, and hard work the rule rather than the exception, her father in public business that called him much from home, living upon a large farm, and keeping a public house besides, Mrs. R. worked her way up with the country in the widest acceptance of the term. She raised up a family of seven children, and was to them a kind and faithful mother. She was a quiet, peaceable, industrious woman, retaining her faculties to within a week of her death. She was converted about the year 1835, baptized by Rev. Caleb Clarke, received by the Church, and continued a worthy member until her death. She died peacefully, expressing her willingness to go.

Com.

Died, in Westminster, Dec. 30, 1874, NATHAN BASSELL, aged 67 years and 8 months.

He was a good man, a kind husband, an affectionate father, an upright citizen, and a consistent Christian. He died in great peace. A. F. HERRICK.

JOSEPH CURTIS died in Kennebunk, Jan. 23, aged 85 years, 1 month and 3 days.

Father Curtis had been a disciple of Jesus, and a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church for about fifty-seven years. Much of this time he served the Church as class-leader. He was a good man—honored by his neighbors, loved by his brethren, revered by his children. During these later years of infirmity and deprivation he has been kindly and faithfully cared for by a devoted son and daughter, who now feel, in stead of relief because a great burden has been removed, a sorrow that is almost insupportable. When informed that he was apparently near his end, he remarked, "I wish only be putting off rage to put on a robe." Mark the perfect

man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace." Biddeford, Jan. 28. A. S. LADD.

A WRONG CUSTOM CORRECTED.

It is quite generally the custom, to take strong liver stimulants for the cure of liver complaint, and both the mineral and vegetable kingdoms have been diligently searched to procure the most drastic and poisonous effect upon the liver, and arouse the lagging and enfeebled organ. This system of treatment is on the same principle as that of giving a weak and debilitated man large portions of brandy to enable him to do certain amount of work. When the stimulant is withheld, the organ, like the system, gradually relapses into a more torpid or sluggish and weakened condition than before. What then is wanted? Medicines, which, while they cause the bile to flow freely from the liver, as that organ is toned into action, will not overwork and thus debilitate it, but will, when their use is discontinued, leave the liver strengthened and healthy. Such remedies are found in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Purgative Pellets.

A CURE OF LIVER DISEASE. RUMEX, Texas, May 10th, 1873. Dr. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.:

Dear Sir—My wife last year at this time was confined to her bed with Chronic Liver Disease. I had one of the best doctors to see her, and he gave her up to die, when I came upon some of your medicine. I bought one bottle and commenced giving it. She then weighed 82 lbs.; now she weighs 140 lbs.; and is robust and hearty. She has taken eight bottles in all, so you see I am an advocate for your Medicines.

WILLIAM MEAZEL, FROM THE NOTED SCOT. "BUFFALO BILL." HOLLAND HOUSE, Rockford, Ill., April 30, 1874.—Dr. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.:

Sir—I have now taken four bottles of your Golden Medical Discovery in connection with your Pellets, and must say that nothing I have ever taken for my liver has done me as much good. I feel like a new man. Thanks to your wonderful medicine.

W. F. CODY, ("Buffalo Bill.")

CATARRH. Catarrh and Piles CURED BY Constitutional Catarrh Remedy.

MESSRS. LITTLEFIELD & CO., 110 South Broadway, New York, N. Y. A Pamplet of 32 pages, giving a full and complete description of Catarrh, and in using less than a bottle I was cured of my Catarrh, and of Piles, and of all the troubles of the Urinary and Rectal Organs, and of the Blood, and of the Skin, and of the Lungs, and of the Stomach, and of the Liver, and of the Spleen, and of the Pancreas, and of the Gall Bladder, and of the Biliary System, and of the Nervous System, and of the Muscular System, and of the Circulatory System, and of the Reproductive System, and of the Excretory System, and of the Digestive System, and of the Respiratory System, and of the Integumentary System, and of the Skeletal System, and of the Endocrine System, and of the Exocrine System, and of the Immune System, and of the Reproductive System, and of the Excretory System, and of the Digestive System, and of the Respiratory System, and of the Integumentary System, and of the Skeletal System, and of the Endocrine System, and of the Exocrine System, and of the Immune 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